The Outlook

Vol. 62 July 1, 1899 No. 9

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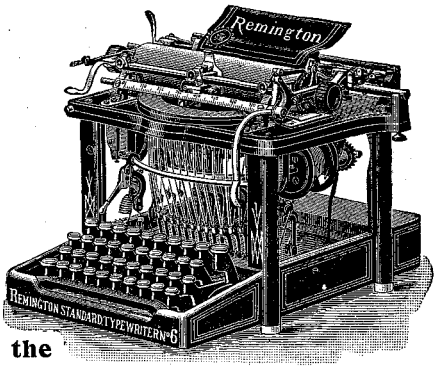

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The Outlook

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The French Cabinet President Loubet appears to have solved the difficult problem presented to him by the resignation of the Dupuy Ministry. It was necessary for him to gather about him a group of men who could be counted upon to make the second trial of Captain Dreyfus fair and final, and, if necessary, to reach and punish the officers who were concerned in the conspiracy against Dreyfus, and later in the conspiracy against justice and honor in France. These difficulties centered in the selection of a Minister of War. To choose a man who could at the same time keep up the most cordial relations with the army and lay a strong hand on its chiefs if the result of the trial implicated them, whose attitude toward the army as a whole would satisfy the French people, and who would possess at the same time unflinching courage in dealing with its chiefs, was an extremely difficult matter. The new Ministry is in many ways an exceptional one. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Prime Minister, is the best type of a French Republican statesman who is progressive without being radical. He is a man of unquestioned integrity and courage, and one of the foremost lawyers in France. The portfolio of the Foreign Minister remains in the hands of M. Delcassé, who has held the position during two previous Ministries, and who is likely to conduct the foreign policy of the country along the lines which he has distinctly marked out. That policy has been one of firmness and of honor. He secured from Great Britain terms creditable to both countries in the Soudan matter, and settled questions of a very dangerous nature over the partition of North Africa. His services in behalf of peace between the United States and Spain, not many months ago, have laid this country under obligations to him. The new Minister of Marine, M. de Lanessan, has been conspicuous for his advocacy of the maintenance of amicable relations with England, not only as a matter of principle, but of commercial policy.

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The Ministers of War and Commerce The sensational feature of the Ministry, however, is found in the selection of two men. The first of these, the Minister of War, General de Gallifet, is a pronounced Conservative; a man of great vigor and courage, who has been affiliated with the Monarchists, and who was conspicuous for the promptness with which he dealt with the Commune twenty-eight years ago. His belief in the innocence of Dreyfus is well known. If he has occasion to deal with the Chiefs of Staff, nothing will deter him from doing what he regards as his duty. Against him, however, are arrayed almost the entire body of Radicals, who declare that his treatment of the Communists was unnecessarily cruel, and that he is out of sympathy with modern progress in France. The other appointment which has called forth criticism and aroused antagonism is that of M. Millerand, whose radicalism has been so advanced that he has been classified with the Socialists. The principle of concentration has never been so strongly or so uncompromisingly represented before in any French Cabinet. There is every reason to believe that President Loubet has endeavored to gather around him the strongest men whom he could persuade to take office, and that both M. Millerand and General de Gallifet have accepted portfolios from the highest motives of patriotism. That the Cabinet will not last long is highly probable; that it is united on the question of securing justice to Dreyfus and

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ridding France of an element of corruption and danger is certain. The opposition of the Radicals and Socialists is directed against General de Gallifet, while that of the Conservatives is directed against M. Millerand.

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The Ministry Upheld

There was very loud talk of defeating the Cabinet in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, but on the opening of the Chamber of Deputies it became known that two alleged hostile groups, the Socialist-Radicals and the Democratic Left, had decided to vote in favor of the Government, and that M. Paul de Cassagnac would withdraw his interpellation. In point of fact, the Cabinet was sustained. Both Chambers approved (the Senate by the overwhelming vote of 187 to 25, the Chamber of Deputies by the comparatively close vote of 263 to 237) the declaration introduced in the Chamber of Deputies by the Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and in the Senate by the Minister of Justice, M. Monis. It begins as follows :

> The Chamber of Deputies, in expressing itself resolved not to support any Government but one determined to defend energetically republican institutions and assure public order, has clearly defined the task imposed upon the new Cabinet. The Ministry has no other ambition than to accomplish it.

The declaration goes on to ask for the co-operation of all Republicans in this task, asserting on the one hand that "it is resolved to have all judicial decisions respected," on the other that "we intend to defend the army with the same energy against the attacks and solicitations which constitute the most undeserved of insults." Finally, the authors of the appeal say: "We desire above all that appeasement may be accomplished, and it will come quickly if every one will give up being a law unto himself and bow to the law of the land." A call is made upon the Chambers for the immediate enacting of laws necessary to the good working of the public service. The document is dignified and fair-minded throughout, and perhaps as explicit as the circumstances make possible. Despite the disorder and tumult in the Chamber of Deputies during the debate, the result is regarded as a substantial triumph for the Ministry. For a time at least the danger of political chaos seems averted.

The Peace Conference

During last week's Peace Conference work, Captain Mahan made a striking speech. The subject under discussion was the proposed prohibition of shells charged with asphyxiating gas. Captain Mahan declared that these shells need not necessarily destroy life, any more than does chloroform itself; they only suffocated, say, fifty men at a time, whereas a submarine boat might send five hundred men to a watery grave. Why forbid retail asphyxiation by air, demanded our delegate, and permit wholesale asphyxiation by water? To the reply that men might be picked up when a ship sank, Captain Mahan retorted by recalling the case of the British battle-ship Victoria, where, with a highly disciplined fleet, in broad daylight and smooth waters, many hundreds of men were drowned. Although Captain Mahan's argument seemed unassailable, he ultimately found himself outvoted. The Conference also prohibited the use of bullets which easily spread or flatten out in the human body. The British and American delegates voted against this decision. Furthermore, the use of any new explosives in projectiles from balloons was prohibited for a period of five years. A sub-committee, presided over by Professor de Martens, of the Russian delegation, reached decisions relating to greater protection of neutral States, defining the rights of civil populations to organize for resistance, and the rights of the armies as toward armed civilians. The report of the sub-committee will now be presented to the Conference; and it is to be hoped that nearly all of the Powers will adopt its articles as a basis of instructions for armies when entering the field.

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Arrest of Armaments

Finally, at the end of the week, the Russian proposals looking to the arrest of armaments were introduced. The Russian delegates disclaimed all intention of proposing a reduction of armaments at present. They add, however, that, if a standstill can be agreed upon, a reduction will come of itself. Colonel Jilinsky moved that the Powers should enter into an understanding for a term of, say, five years not to increase the effectiveness of their military

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forces, excepting their colonial troops, and not to increase the amount of their military budgets beyond their present figure. This astute proposal would check Russia only by half, since she could increase her troops to any extent in her great colony, Siberia; hence it is unlikely that other Powers less advantageously situated in this respect will acquiesce. Russia's naval proposal was that for a term of three years the sum of the naval budgets shall be determined, with an engagement not to increase the total during that period. The proposal also provides that announcement shall be made in advance of those ships of war which it is proposed to build (without, however, specifying the models), of the number of officers and crews, and of the expenditure on forts, docks, arsenals, and other coast conveniences and defenses.

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Private Property at Sea It will be noted that our soundly based demand for the protection of private property at sea has not yet been presented. We ask for the surrender of the power to seize an enemy's goods in his own ships if the goods be not contraband. It is believed that the delegates of some of the Great Powers are opposed to raising the question of neutral goods at all, arguing the incompetency of the Conference to do so under the terms of the circular of invitation. In addition, M. de Staal declared at the opening of the Conference that under no circumstances would the Conference discuss any question not contained in that circular. If the Conference could be induced to consider and adopt our proposal, the supposed desire for disarmament would be materially aided, because it would not be necessary to have so large navies. It seems surprising that England, our partner at The Hague in other respects, has not supported us in this. We believe that when she leads the way the world will follow. She was once a sea-bully and a most arrant invader of sea-rights—witness the cause of our war of 1812. It may also be remembered that she did not abandon privateering until she had acquired a navy strong enough to accomplish such enterprises; while the present century had more than half passed before she gave up the practice of seizing an enemy's goods in neutral ships. She has now more merchant shipping open to attack than has any other nation, for she commands more than half of the world's carrying trade; but she has also more war-ships. Hence it is a conflict between merchants and moralists on the one hand, and naval authorities on the other. Taking first a purely material view, we believe that the triumph of commercial interests over naval opposition will be but a question of time. More and more British merchants and importers are drawing their countrymen's attention to their dependence upon other lands, especially the United States, for necessary wheat supplies, and to the fact that wheat in neutral ships would be non-contraband. The reply of the opposition is that the British navy (equal to any two) can always protect the proportionately greater merchant fleet—a proposition not so easily proved; that all wheat imports would be treated by unscrupulous enemies as non-immune, but that in any event our proposal is one to force British shipping under neutral flags.

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The Transvaal Crisis The tension in the Transvaal is very great, and hardly less in London. The Boers are reluctant to face a conflict with England, and the English Ministry is equally reluctant to force the issue to its last stage. If reports are to be believed, the division in the Cabinet, although not likely to make a split, is pronounced enough to secure a conservative course, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach standing firmly by the policy of conciliation and deliberation, and Mr. Chamberlain insisting that English suzerainty in South Africa must not be renounced, and that the just claims of the Outlanders must be respected. Lord Salisbury apparently stands with Mr. Chamberlain in regard to the ultimate ends of English policy, and with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in regard to its methods. There have been recurring reports of preparations for war, both in England and in the Transvaal, but to questions in the House of Commons as to the sending of reinforcements to the Cape the Ministry has returned noncommittal answers. It is probable that the Government is preparing itself for emergencies, but the belief is general that war will not come, and that some way of bringing Mr. Kruger to terms will be found without

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resorting to force. A war in South Africa could not be classed with what have come to be known as "little wars" in England; it would be frightfully expensive, and would involve heavy losses both of life and of money. Lord Salisbury is pre-eminently pacific; and English commercial prosperity is at such a height that the country desires peace above all things, and will not surrender it except on a supreme issue.

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The Philippines That General Lawton and General MacArthur are not the kind of soldiers to follow the example of the Spanish generals, who were wont to remain totally inert in camp in the rainy season, is now understood by the insurgents. The former's activity in the Cavite region and the latter's energetic repulse of the enemy's advance upon San Fernando seem to have effectually checked, for the present, aggressive movements by Aguinaldo's generals. South of Manila our advance line is still at Imus, to which place the detachments which pursued the insurgents beyond Perez Desmariñas have returned; in the north nothing has come of the reported renewed massing of Aguinaldo's forces before San Fernando. The question as to whether the President will or will not make a general call for volunteers for the Philippines still remains undecided. So far as is known, General Otis has not yet changed his expressed opinion that he needs only thirty thousand men; and the regular troops now on the way, or soon to go, together with the new men recruited for existing organizations (and Washington reports state that recruiting is active and satisfactory), may keep his army up to that figure, allowing for the return of volunteers now in the East and for the sick list. On the other hand, despite the fact that General Otis has asked for no large reinforcements, there have been some indications that our army must be increased if it is to occupy and permanently hold territory after driving the enemy back. Thus, Dr. McQueston, on the staff of General Otis and until lately health officer at Manila, expressed a positive opinion on his arrival at San Francisco last week that it will take from 100,000 to 150,000 men to subdue and hold the islands. He thinks that the Peace Commission is a failure, and adds, very pessimistically:

> Unless troops, thousands of them, are sent to the aid of our men there, they will be driven back into Manila in the course of the next few months—the rainy season. Our men simply cannot stand the climate. Fifty per cent. of them will be incapacitated by sickness, and the territory overrun will have to be abandoned. Manila will be in a state of siege again.

Mr. Bass, also, the correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," confirms in his latest letter the report that General Lawton, in April, had stated that he thought 100,000 men would be needed. One reason for the probable need of a larger army is that the repeated and constant defeats of the insurgents in the field do not seem to affect, as might be expected, the hopes and demands of the leaders. An instance of this appears in the fact that, according to Manila reports, Colonel Arguelles, one of the Filipino envoys sent to meet our Commission, has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for advocating, not entire submission, but a plan of autonomy under an American protectorate. Finally, a Manila correspondent of the New York "Criterion" reports General MacArthur as saying that he can obtain no sort of help or information from the Filipino "amigos" or "pacificos," and that he has "been reluctantly compelled to believe that the Filipino masses are loyal to Aguinaldo and the government which he heads." General Otis's latest despatch, however, says that the insurgent armies have suffered great losses and are scattered, the only large force still holding together being one of 4,000 in the north; that the mass of people desire peace and American protection; and that the only hope of the insurgent leaders is through political agitation in the United States.

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In Cuba The outbreak of yellow fever in Santiago is believed by General Wood to be due to the existence of a disreputable den, to which sailors from South America and West Indian ports resort; the soldiers infected are said to have visited that place. This would indicate that the dozen or so cases of yellow fever among our soldiers were not caused by local conditions, and are rather

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sporadic in origin. This view is strengthened by the fact that even in last October (usually the worst month of the year for the fever) there were no cases whatever in the barracks. The general health and sanitary condition of Santiago are far better than ever before, and a serious spreading of the yellow fever is not thought likely. In Havana not only has there been no yellow fever, but the newspaper "La Discussion" says:

> Thanks to the sanitary measures adopted in Havana, unprecedented conditions now exist. No deaths have occurred for the last two days in the Jesus del Monte district, which is populated thickly by the poorer classes. We give this as an indication that Havana is one of the healthiest cities in the world.

General Wood is now in this country. It has been generally rumored that he has been offered a large salary to take a business position in Washington, but to the specific question whether he intended to resign his commission General Wood is reported by the New York "Sun" to have said: "I will not leave the military service of the United States so long as my services are wanted—not for $30,000 a year, or twice that amount. Money is not the only thing in this world." Almost equally striking and characteristic were General Wood's remarks upon the Cuban problem at large. He said:

> The Cuban problem is a very simple one, and we must succeed. If the United States give the Cubans an honest government, as they have done and will continue to do—if they give them a wise colonial government, as they can do, then the Cubans will make the island as great as it is beautiful, and they will rapidly learn to govern it. Furthermore, they will govern it well for themselves or they will govern it well for us, should they, in their own good time, see fit to ask us to give to them the beneficent blessing of our continued protection.

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The Samoan Problem

Despatches received at Washington from Mr. Bartlett Tripp, the American member of the Samoan Commission, state that peace has been restored in the island; that the Commission has sustained the decision of Chief Justice Chambers in the contested case of the election of the King; that Malietoa Tanus has resigned; and that the kingship is to be abolished, and a provisional government established. The important item in this news is the proposed abolishing of the kingship. This is probably the easiest way of putting an end to the bitter factional strife of the natives, and, as the royal rule of the King has really been almost purely nominal since the time of the Berlin Treaty, it is hard to see how the interests of the island can possibly suffer. If Samoa is to be governed by the three Powers in harmony, it may be just as well that the farcical pretense of a native government be abandoned altogether. It is true that the Treaty guarantees the natives a "king" chosen after the established customs; but as the followers of both Mataafa and Malieto are willing to waive the claims of their leaders to royalty, it may be taken for granted that the islanders are willing to accept a new kind of government. This will include, it is understood, a Governor (how to be appointed does not yet appear), a Council of three nominees of the Treaty Powers, and a native House of some kind. The English and American claims have been pretty generally sustained by the Commission; Chief Justice Chambers's authority under the Treaty was really almost indisputable, and the Commission could hardly do anything else than admit the finality of his decision, even though he may have acted unwisely in some points. The voluntary laying down of arms by both native factions was doubtless done under the understanding that Malietoa's claim should be formally acknowledged by the Commission and that then the kingship should be abolished. A statement made in the Reichstag by Baron von Bülow indicates that German citizens who suffered loss of property by the firing from British and American vessels will claim indemnity. The "Prussian Annual" thus states the German view on this point:

> A state of war has existed, contrary to the clear provision of the Samoan act, between the Anglo-American troops and the majority of the inhabitants of Samoa, during which these troops have violated a custom recognized by international law by not notifying the Germans on March 15 of the impending bombardment of Apia.

Of course the conclusions of the Samoan Commission have still to be ratified by the three Powers, but the indications are for a peaceful and final settlement of the rather petty quarrel. It must be remembered, as to the commercial importance

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of Samoa to the United States, that the total Samoan exports are only about $250,000, of which we receive a very small part, and that there are (or were two years ago) only about twenty-five American residents in Samoa.

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The Michigan Legislature The Michigan Legislature which has just adjourned exceeded all its predecessors in the liberality of its appropriations. In some cases this liberality amounted to extravagance—particularly in view of the Legislature's failure to provide for the equal taxation of railway and mining property so as to meet the new expenditures. But the generosity displayed toward the higher education will be welcomed all over the country. The State tax for Michigan University was increased from one-sixth to one-quarter of a mill upon the assessed value of all the property in the State. As such an increase, when once made, is likely to remain, it is immediately equivalent to the addition of a million and a half to the endowment of the University, and will be equivalent to a much larger endowment as soon as Michigan corporations are assessed like other property. Unfortunately, the "Atkinson" law which provided for such assessment of corporations was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and a part of the Legislature defeated Governor Pingree's effort to obtain an amendment to the Constitution authorizing this reform. But Governor Pingree's defeat upon this point at the present session means no more than his defeat in attempting to secure the passage of the Atkinson Bill at the previous session of the Legislature. The great mass of the people in Michigan, of all parties, demand equal taxation of all property, and a constitutional amendment authorizing what the Ohio and Indiana Constitutions require is ultimately certain of adoption. When the Supreme Court overthrew the Atkinson Law, the friends of equal taxation proposed a graduated tax upon the gross earnings of railroads, such as would compel them all to pay pretty nearly the same amount of taxes as the Atkinson Bill contemplated, but the opponents of Governor Pingree in the Legislature defeated this plan. As the Legislature was nearly all Republican, the result is an open conflict in the Republican party between Governor Pingree's supporters and his opponents. Since the Legislature's adjournment, the Governor has bitterly arraigned it for extravagance and subserviency to corporations, talked freely of the possibility of a reaction in favor of the Democrats, and openly declared war upon the re-election of United States Senator McMillan. Curiously enough, Governor Pingree names Secretary Alger as his candidate for the Senate, declaring that the Secretary stands upon a platform opposed to trusts and in favor of the direct election of Senators by the people. One of the most interesting acts of the recent session, it may be recalled, was a new anti-trust bill, providing for the forfeiture of charters by corporations combining to fix prices or regulate production, and taking away from foreign corporations entering into such combinations the right to do business in the State of Michigan.

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The Strikes in Cleveland and in Colorado All last week the Cleveland street-car strike continued to threaten a great riot. A good deal of rioting actually took place, in spite of all that the city authorities could do to maintain order; and calling upon the Governor to order out the militia seemed at times almost imperative. Finally, however, after many failures, the committee of conciliation appointed by the City Council succeeded in arranging terms which both the street-car company and the employees were willing to accept. As is usual in such cases, the committee found that the leaders of the trades-union formed the element most anxious to effect a settlement, and that the rank and file of the organization were often unwilling to ratify the concessions their leaders made. By the terms finally agreed upon, the organization of the employees does not seem to be directly recognized, but the company agrees to treat with a committee representing its men, whenever future grievances arise, and to submit to arbitrators such disputes as cannot be adjusted by compromise. Four-fifths of the strikers are assured of immediate employment, and all the remainder not convicted of acts of violence are promised ultimate reinstatement. In Colorado the

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smelters' strike still continues. A despatch announces that some of the strikers are urging the American Federation of Labor to levy an assessment of $1 per member, or $800,000 in all, to start competing works, but nothing is likely to come of this plan. The item is chiefly interesting as showing the possible power of the Federation whenever its members care to take united action.

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The Capon Springs Conference

The Conferences at Capon Springs, West Virginia, have quickly become a point of light and leading for the solution of the peculiar problems of the Southern States. The second annual Conference, held June 20–23, was attended by nearly a hundred representative people from South and North, among them being presidents and professors of Southern universities, leading educators of colored youth, persons of wealth and position in Northern society, clergymen, editors, and others of note—all invited guests, for the occasion, of Captain W. H. Sale, of the Capon Springs Hotel. The Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., presided over the Conference, and made a noteworthy address. One of the most striking points made was that the lower class of Southern whites could not be raised except as the masses of the black race were raised; while for these their industrial development only could prevent moral degeneration. The Hampton and Tuskegee line of educational work was indorsed as having had its value thoroughly proved for the better working out of social, economic, and racial problems. The resolutions adopted by the Conference as the outcome of discussions covering the conditions and needs of both races begin by affirming that "the education of the white race in the South is the pressing and imperative need, and that the noble achievements of the Southern commonwealths in the creation of common-school systems for both races deserve not merely the sympathetic recognition of the country and of the world at large, but also give the old and high-spirited colleges and universities of the South a strong claim upon a generous share of that stream of private wealth in the United States that is enriching and vitalizing the higher education of the North and West."

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Practical Suggestions

There can be little doubt that Northern generosity has sometimes been wastefully and even harmfully applied to the work of education at the South for lack of wise direction. The Capon Springs Conference did a good thing when it added to its indorsement of the management of the Slater and Peabody funds, under the wise oversight of Dr. Curry, an urgent call for "a general committee of direction, in harmony or in conjunction with the management of these funds," to prevent indiscriminate giving to beggars for schools. In view of the mean condition of schoolhouses and equipments in some of the rural districts of the South, an admirable suggestion was made for the establishment at the court-house village of every county of model schools for each race, with competent teachers and equipment, together with provision for some sort of industrial training; such schools to be maintained by the counties, aided, at least for the present, by private subscription. A further point of benefit for the rural districts was made by a resolution commending the plan of the traveling library, already tested at the North, as especially applicable to Southern conditions, and providing for the formulation of an adequate plan for organizing a movement to introduce it. While primary needs for popular education received attention, the needs of the higher education were not overlooked. It was recognized as important to bring the higher institutions into closer touch with the public schools, even to making courses in child-study a part of the university curriculum. Penology, also, in which the South has been particularly backward, received due attention in a recommendation for the establishment of reformatories, on a plan of agricultural and industrial training, for misdemeanants and incorrigibles, especially of the colored race. The Capon Springs Conference has thus indicated its value as a factor in Southern problems for the diffusion of enlightened judgment, for the stimulation of enlightened and hopeful effort for social betterment, and for the extension of education.

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The Cuban Orphan Fund

General F. V. Greene, Chairman, and Mr. Charles W. Gould, Secretary of the Cuban Orphan Fund, have issued an appeal in which they say that the distress existing among children in Cuba is not appreciated. In the reconcentration, even when the parents starved to death, the children often survived. The object of the Orphan Fund is first to relieve immediate distress, and then later to stimulate education throughout the island. It is estimated that at least fifty thousand children are in want. The need is urgent. For instance, in one small town the older children care for the younger by work, not begging, for in this whole town hardly an adult is left alive. Here it is proposed to gather two hundred children in an asylum, feed, clothe, and teach them. While the Cubans have no money to contribute, they will give buildings and supplies. A million dollars can be expended advantageously within the coming year in helping the Cubans to help themselves. The Treasurer of the Committee is Mr. Robert Bacon, of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York City. The response to the appeal should be immediate and generous.

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The Connecticut Resolutions on Divorce

The Connecticut General Association, apropos of the recent Belmont-Sloane marriage, has passed resolutions urging "uniform legislation on marriage and divorce throughout the States and Territories," calling on ministers "to exercise the greatest caution before consenting in the name of religion to officiate at the marriage of any person who has been divorced," and insisting that such consent should never be given in case of the guilty party, divorced for adultery, nor of any other divorced person, without a careful examination leading to a full and exact knowledge of the facts; comity between Church and State should be respected; our ministers should decline to marry parties who are forbidden to remarry by a decree of courts in other States or by the rules of other Christian bodies with which they are connected." It has been erroneously reported in certain of the secular papers that these resolutions were intended as a *quasi* censure of Dr. Barrows for performing the wedding service between Mr. Belmont and Mrs. Sloane. This is not the case. The Association made no attempt, either directly or indirectly, to pass judgment on his action or to determine whether, in relying upon the statements made to him respecting the parties, he exercised all the caution that could have been reasonably expected. It simply took the occasion to announce a general principle, which is certainly correct, namely, that no minister should ever perform a marriage ceremony for strangers without careful inquiry into the circumstances of the case. Since he acts in a certain sense as an officer of the State, he may not always make his own moral judgment a final law for them, but neither, on the other hand, can he regard his act as purely official, and requiring no other condition than a mere compliance with the often inadequate laws of his State. It would be well if all ecclesiastical bodies could agree upon some such moderate principle of restraint as is embodied in these resolutions, which would deprive offenders of the apparent sanction of the Church in marriages inconsistent with the general principles of Christ's teaching, with the purity of society, and with the integrity of the home.

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The Commencement Season

Almost every college reports additions more or less considerable to its endowment during the past year. Princeton has received not less than half a million dollars; the great fund which Yale proposes to raise by way of signalizing her bicentennial already amounts to half a million dollars, or one-quarter of the total amount; the election of Dr. Faunce to the presidency of Brown University, and his acceptance and inauguration, promise the beginning of a new era of prosperity for that strong and eminently useful institution; while the selection of Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell University, as President of the California State University, if accepted, will take to the Pacific slope an accomplished scholar, a very successful teacher, and a most charming man. Seven years ago he declined a chair in the University of Chicago, and his name has more than once been mentioned in connection with

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the presidency of prominent institutions. He has also been a successful writer, and his name is familiar to readers of American magazines. The "Century Magazine" is now publishing a life of Alexander the Great from his hand. President McKinley's presence at Smith College and at Mount Holyoke gave special interest to the academic festivities at those institutions. Williams College presents the strongest financial showing in its history. The new Law School building at Yale has been completed. At Wellesley the Commencement exercises will be held this year for the first time in the new chapel. Among the honorary degrees conferred by the different institutions which will be instantly recognized as eminently fit are the Harvard doctorates to be conferred on M. Cambon, the distinguished Ambassador from France, who conducted the negotiations between our Government and that of Spain last summer; and on General Wood, whose services at Santiago deserve the highest possible recognition.

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The Issue in 1900

It is possibly a little early to be attempting now to formulate the Presidential issue in 1900, yet the process has already begun, although the final cystallization of platforms lies in the future. What the real issue will be we think is quite apparent, and nothing is or will be gained to either party by obscuring or endeavoring to escape it. Robert Ellis Thompson, in the "Irish World," devotes a considerable space to discussing this question for the benefit of Democratic readers. He says that the silver question is no longer an issue, since "in point of value the gold now mined exceeds the gold and silver of 1896," and "we in America have profited fully by the change," since, "thanks to the condition of exchange, we have kept all our own gold and have imported some $200,000,000." The tariff question is also no longer an issue, because "we have got so far in the cheapening of production and the development of the National supply of the great staples that nobody in America is oppressed by high prices or by scarcity." To this we should add that there are unmistakable indications that the Republican party is on the eve of abandoning its prohibitory tariff, since the manufacturers are themselves seeking a foreign market for their wares, and must have imports in payment of them. The opposition to trusts will not constitute an issue, partly because the question must be determined by State rather than by Federal legislation, partly because it takes two parties to make an issue, and the Republican party will be as ready as its rival to condemn trusts. This leaves the only real question to be determined in 1900 that of expansion: the question whether America shall confine its interests and its influence to this continent, or whether it shall enter into the community of nations and compete with France, Germany, Russia, and England for the trade of the Orient and for such political influence in the Far East as will make that competition possible. Mr. Thompson thinks that in this issue Mr. Bryan is "fighting the battle of Lincoln and the anti-slavery party in his opposition to the enslavement of the Filipinos." It is needless to say that The Outlook does not thus interpret the issue between the expansionists and the anti-expansionists, nor does it think that the anti-expansionists have any chance of success in the next election; but it is quite certain that no subsidiary questions will take the place of this or greatly modify the popular vote upon it.

On this issue considerable light is thrown, from the commercial side, by recent utterances of the Hon. John Barrett, late United States Minister to Siam, who was appointed by President Cleveland in 1894, at the age of twenty-seven, being the youngest United States Minister in the American foreign service. During his stay in Siam he made repeated visits to China, Japan, Java, and the Philippines, and, after leaving his post in 1898, went directly to Manila, where he was subsequently a spectator of the revolt until the middle of March. In addresses delivered before the Union League Club of Boston and the New York Chamber of Commerce he lays great stress on the commercial advantages to this country of maintaining a political position in the Far East, as a means of securing participation in its trade. If the Philippines remain under United States authority, he anticipates the development of a trade with

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those islands within the next fifteen years of over $100,000,000, mounting up, not improbably, to $200,000,000. "I am prepared," he says, "to state and prove, if questioned, that a richer isolated land or group of islands, viewed comparatively as to area and population, variety of agricultural, mineral, and forest resources, undeveloped as well as those already improved, cannot be found on this globe." He thinks the dangers of the tropical climate are grossly exaggerated, and that the man who takes good care of himself is as safe in Manila as in London or New York; his view in this respect concurs with that of most careful scientific observers. He says that the result of Dewey's achievement has been to make the United States a recognized power in the Pacific. "Formerly, as I traveled up and down the coast, visiting both political and commercial capitals, I was always depressed by the indications of our seeming insignificance. When I made my last journey in December to these same points, . . . I found America, American influence, and American trade everywhere the first consideration." He thinks that "there is no question that, after the first few years of trial and experiment are passed, we will find the Philippines a permanent paying investment;" that this will be the natural result of our fulfilling the "unavoidable moral responsibility which has compelled us to assume the sovereignty of these rich Antilles of the Orient." To secure these commercial advantages, he thinks that first we must recognize and fulfill our moral obligations. To this end we must maintain our sovereignty in the Philippines, and stand invincibly for the maintenance of our treaty rights which give us freedom of trade throughout all China. Secondly, we should complete the Nicaragua Canal without delay, lay a cable across the Pacific to the Philippines, put larger and faster steamers on the Pacific, establish American banks or branches of American banks in the East, and, finally, furnish, through our manufacturers and exporters, what the Orient wants, and not expect the Orient to take what we make but it does not want. It would give a false impression were we seemingly to intimate that Mr. Barrett puts the commercial advantages first. He lays stress on the moral obligations of the United States, but insists that its fulfillment of those obligations will be worth all that it costs.

This issue is not obscured, in Mr. Barrett's mind, by the historical questions involved. These he discusses in the July "Review of Reviews," in an instructive and apparently very judicial article. He speaks highly of the Filipinos as a race of men of worthy character, despite some serious limitations and defects. He explains the assault of the Filipino forces on our lines as due partly to the impression, widely disseminated, that the Americans had come to assist them in establishing independence, and to their disappointment in not getting it; to the aggravation of this disappointment by the long delay in the ratification of the treaty; to the belief, strenuously developed by defamatory papers widely circulated, partly by Spaniards, partly by certain Filipino leaders, that the Americans were a race of buccaneers and butchers whose methods of government were illustrated by the lynchings of the negroes in the South; and by the further dissemination of the belief, through exaggerated reports of anti-expansionist editorials and speeches made in America, that the Americans were not united in their determination to maintain sovereignty in the Philippine Islands, and, if resisted, would presently abandon the attempt. He believes that "it was good policy to avoid war as long as possible; but the same knowledge of Asiatic character that impelled me to avoid fighting, if possible to reach an understanding without it, now inspires me in my desire to see it carried through to early and complete success." He repudiates the notion that there is any considerable complaint among our soldiers, that the American regiments are disgruntled or anxious to come home, and he is of the opinion that "the present warfare in the Philippines should be over by the end of the next dry season, which begins in November," and gives the reasons for this opinion. He believes that after our sovereignty is established, "Congress should place the principal positions in a permanent service, where merit, experience, and continuance in the work determine a man's promotion and advancement," and that if this is done, and native participation in the government is welcomed, the natives will prove them-

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selves "capable of a much larger degree of responsibility than that for which they are commonly given credit," and gives good reasons for this opinion also. We recommend any persons who desire to get a full and apparently fair and judicial picture of the present conditions in the Philippines, and of the events which have led up to them, to read this article by Mr. Barrett.

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Books and Readers

The comment on some recent books from the pen of Mr. James MacArthur, associate editor of "The Bookman," which appears elsewhere in this issue, will be read with interest because it gives a broad view of the literary activity during the past six months. The article may be supplemented by a comment on the books which are being most widely read. It is the custom of a great many newspaper and magazine writers to assume that the public taste is hopelessly bad, and that the fact that a book is widely read is in no sense an indication that it has any fidelity to life or any charm of style. It is certainly true that a great many books of no lasting value obtain immediate popularity and pass through many editions—books so purely ephemeral in their interest that it is difficult to explain, a few years later, what there was in them which attracted attention; but it is also true that the great majority of really fine books make their way to a large circle of readers and secure what is called a popular success as well as what the French call a *succès d'estime*. Matthew Arnold used to say humorously that Tennyson was the most popular poet in England, and fully deserved his popularity. That popularity was based, not only on the charm of melody which Tennyson knew so well how to exercise, but also on his fine interpretation of sentiment and idealism in the broadest terms of human experience. In the long run the finest workmanship will be appreciated, and the noblest product of art will secure the highest recognition. There is nothing too good for the widest reading public, provided it is put in vital and not in purely technical terms. If a man knows his Plato thoroughly, loves him, and can translate him out of philosophic into the broadest human speech, he can make the great philosopher as interesting to a crowd of newsboys as he can make Tesla or Roebling.

A glance at the novels which have succeeded during the past year is distinctly encouraging, because it shows that the great mass of readers are quick to recognize the real thing in art and to enjoy it. Such popularity as has followed Mr. Allen's "The Choir Invisible" shows that a sensitive and delicate piece of work, full of beauty and fine feeling, by the very possession of those qualities holds a key to the hearts and affections of a multitude of men and women. Mr. Page's "Red Rock" is one of the most serious and substantial pieces of fiction which has appeared in this country for many a day, and edition after edition has come from the press during the past eight months. Mr. Kipling's "Day's Work" is another work of fiction which takes a leading place on the reports of the sales of books in all parts of the country—a volume the different chapters of which are very unequal, but which is saturated with vitality. "David Harum" has perhaps been read by more men than any other piece of fiction which has appeared for years, and is a thoroughly wholesome book, the strength of which lies, not in artistic construction, but in its vivid portraiture of an American type of the highest individuality, of genuine humor, and of a racy, manly quality.

Mr. George W. Cable's "Strong Hearts" has found its way to a large audience, and will find its way for many a day to come; for more exquisite workmanship in fiction has not been seen in this country since the days of Hawthorne. Two stories in this volume are, in their way, little masterpieces, full of delicacy, refinement, and that exquisite art which paints the butterfly without brushing the bloom from its wings, and which is capable, at the same time, of giving expression to the deepest human passions. In this volume Mr. Cable regains all his old charm. When Mr. Winston Churchill wrote "The Celebrity," he gave distinct promise of freshness and skill as a novelist; but one could hardly have predicted from that volume the sustained interest, vivacity, and charm of "Richard Carvel"—one of the most delightful and fascinating studies of man-

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ners and stories of adventure which has yet appeared in our literature. Coming so soon after Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," "Richard Carvel" makes us aware afresh of the wealth of material for romantic purposes which American history and American life present. The story shifts from Annapolis at the outbreak of the Revolution to the London of the same period, and it is difficult to say at which point it is most interesting. Mr. Churchill has succeeded in reproducing the dignified and charming old colonial life with wonderful skill, and has recalled with equal skill the life of the London of the same period. The book is on a large scale—the scale of "Henry Esmond" and "Vanity Fair;" but the canvas is not too large for the subject nor for the skill of the painter. Mr. Dunton-Watts's "Aylwin" has been very widely read, and yet it would be hard to find in it the elements which are commonly supposed to give a story popularity; it is serious throughout, highly imaginative, and, at times, deeply poetic. That such books as these, and others which might be named with them, are widely read may be offset against the popularity of slight or inferior works of fiction.

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Public Funds and Charitable Institutions

Mr. Bird S. Coler, the Comptroller of the city of New York, has during the past year made a careful study of the expenditures of public moneys for charities, both in public and semi-private institutions in the city. The result is that he points out facts which will be startling to the public. The city of New York gives annually to charity more than $5,000,000, and contributes indirectly $2,000,000 more. Property exempt from taxation is held by charitable institutions in New York to the amount of over $70,000,000. The loss to the city in exempting this property from taxation amounts to over $1,400,000. The result is that the contributions of the taxpayers of New York to charity amount to about 15 per cent. of the direct taxation of the city. Mr. Coler has demonstrated that, of the two hundred institutions receiving public aid, over one hundred have come into existence within the past ten years. The Department of Public Charities, for which the sum of $1,900,000 was appropriated last year, is entirely controlled by the city. The balance of the $7,000,000 expended by the city is not controlled by the municipal authorities, and it is charged and proven that nine-tenths of these organizations could not exist six months without the money from the public treasury. Comparatively few of these semi-public charities have an income from all sources equal to the appropriation from the city, and some have but a very small fraction. For instance, the New York Foundling Asylum receives from the city $317,410; from individuals, $6,450; while the New York Infant Asylum receives $86,457 from the city, and $145 from private sources. Mr. Coler reports that an enormous waste of public money is due to the salary accounts of these semi-private institutions, and makes the startling statement that "for every five persons supported by public charity there are three persons employed on a salary in the work of relief." Other figures presented in his analysis seem to indicate that every third person in the entire population of the city of New York receives help through the free dispensaries, and that ten per cent. of all the human beings who die in New York City are buried in Potter's Field at public expense. The remedy suggested by Mr. Coler for the wastefulness of the present methods of distributing public relief through private institutions is that the city government deal directly with each institution upon its own merits, paying a specified sum for work done for dependents who are the rightful charge of the city. The radical remedy of declaring that public funds shall not be used to support private institutions he does not venture to suggest.

This report is worthy the attention of every citizen, though he have nothing to contribute to charity but his share of public sentiment. That there is great waste in the administration of money set aside for the maintenance of charitable institutions is an accepted fact. It is not only accepted, but expected. Mr. Coler frankly says that this waste characterizes the management of public institutions as well as of semi-private institutions. He points out that out of an appropriation

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of $1,949,215 to the Department of Charities, $529,626, or almost one-third of the entire amount, is expended in salaries. The institutions maintained under public control by public taxation for the care of the sick, the helpless, and the destitute suffer for patronage because the semi-private institutions care for so large a percentage of the people the public institutions are designed to help, and for whose benefit they were established.

To-day the public institutions are caring for those who are rejected by the semi-private institutions which have the liberty to reject applicants. The institutions directly under public control ought to be compelled to discriminate between beneficiaries; at present the depraved and the refined are forced into companionship. This system alone justifies the appropriation of public moneys for private institutions caring for the sick and the helpless. Public institutions are now, for the most part, dumping-stations for the friendless. Public sentiment makes them that. When citizens have clearer conceptions of their relations to government, and realize that all public moneys are for the benefit of the whole people and not for a class, our institutions for the care of the sick and helpless will be maintained to meet the needs of all.

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The Outlook Outing

[Editorial Correspondence]

The Outlook Company has planned and carried out successfully its first outing; whether there will be a second is an unanswered question. When an experiment has proved a moderate success, ambition prompts to a repetition of the endeavor, that one may correct defects and improve the results. When it has proved a failure, the courageous soul is prompted to try a second time; for he is reluctant to surrender. But when it has been so complete a success as to leave nothing to be desired, when all that the experimenter can say is, I should like to repeat that experience, he hesitates. For exact repetition is never possible, and when imagination cannot easily conceive of any variation which would not lessen the complete success, caution bids even the most sanguine to halt. The completeness of the success of this first outing makes it doubtful whether a second one will be attempted. For it was a complete success; and if any one had any complaint to make or even any amendment to offer, neither complaint nor amendment was suggested.

On Friday evening, June 16, about a hundred and fifty subscribers to The Outlook gathered at Buffalo on board the steamer North West, of the Northern Steamship Line, and at half-past ten the steamer had unloosed from the wharf and we were sailing out into Lake Erie. We came on board almost entire strangers, but an informal reception held in the saloon, Saturday afternoon, broke the thin ice with mutual introductions, and after that we were, if not absolutely acquainted, on terms that made mutual acquaintance easy. There is a good library of light literature on the steamer; but though a goodly number of books were taken out, it was not often that any passenger was seen reading. Better than a book, which is only the record of a living man's experience, is the living man himself, provided he is worth reading; and the various members of this living library were all well worth reading. Here was the theological student making his first trip into the great West, to whom all was new and all a theme for study; here the home missionary pastor who in two years had gathered in the wilderness a congregation, built a church, personally supervised the quarrying of the stone and the cutting of the timber, and who joined the party on its return trip that he might get a summer rest from pioneer work by quiet preaching in a New England town to a cultivated congregation; here the teacher who was as glad to get out of her school-room as were the most eager of her scholars, and the expert penologist who found as much refreshment in the change from prison companionship to that of a cultivated Christian community as in the transition from the pent-up atmosphere of the prison to the free, fresh air of the great lakes; here the family—husband, wife, and children—bringing with them the spirit of an ideal home and making us all sharers in it without in the least knowing what they were contributing, and the recluse, who had come in commingled hope and fear that his solitary life would be broken in

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upon, and finding, in spite of his shy reserve, an unexpected pleasure in the proffered but not obtrusive companionship of would-be friends; here was the business man escaping from the rattle and clang of his city life for a week of quiet, and the village anchorite escaping from the excessive quietness of her village life that she might enjoy the stir and movement of the world for a week, and each finding what was sought. And in all the company, so far as I observed, not one loud, noisy, self-assertive, pushing personality—not one whose absence would have been better than his company.

The North West and its twin steamer the North Land each make the round trip from Buffalo to Duluth and return in seven days. They carry no freight, and very few second-class passengers. Each is equipped with a double screw, operated by eight independent engines—four on either side of the boat—so that an accident to any engine, or, indeed, to any four, would not disable the boat. In size, structure, and strength these are ocean steamers, with a deck-room which no first-class ocean steamer approximates. On our trip every stateroom was occupied, but there was always plenty of room to choose a place on deck for your chair, to promenade without walking over people's projecting feet, or to play shuffleboard without interference with the promenaders. The rooms ranged from staterooms of ordinary size to a suite with bedroom, parlor, and bath. The general provisions for enjoyment of the passengers are illustrated by the fact that the saloon was equipped, as I have said, with a very well selected library of light reading, and also with a Steinway grand piano, which was in perfect condition. The table, which was served *à la carte*, was better than I have ever seen on shipboard, and equal to the best I have ever known at any hotel, in city or at seaside. I was permitted to go through the kitchen, was introduced to the *chef*, and was taken by him to the storage-room, or rather rooms—for there are four kept just above freezing-point, one for meat, one for fish, one for milk and butter, and one for fruit. The steamer has one great advantage over the ocean steamer, that it can take on fresh supplies every ten or twelve hours. The speckled trout that were brought in at Sault Ste. Marie made me long to take a pole and line and start for the north shore of Lake Superior and see if I could be a boy again. The waiters were said to have come for their summer outing from Delmonico's, and the maids from the Waldorf-Astoria; the report seemed probable. The quality of men on board was illustrated by an incident to a friend of mine. Going into the fire-room with his camera slung over his shoulder, a stoker asked him if he had come down there to develop his pictures. "I develop all mine down here," he added by way of explanation. The service of the waiters and the bell-boys, in its cordial readiness and its absence of dumb-show soliciting of tips, was more like that of a well-ordered club than like that of a modern hotel.

I have no gift to describe natural scenery, nor even to understand the description of others. In the picturesque, for me, nothing less than seeing is believing. So I must content myself with hinting in a paragraph at the panorama, and avoid discontenting my readers by piling adjectives on nouns and superlatives on comparatives in a vain attempt to make a pen-picture. The trip is wisely planned so as to give the nights for sleep upon the three great lakes—Erie, Huron, and Superior—and the days for scenery on the Detroit, St. Clair, and Ste. Marie Rivers. Leaving Buffalo a little after ten at night, the tourist finds himself approaching breakfast and Cleveland simultaneously at eight the next morning. He leaves the table as the steamer leaves the pier, and, sailing across the western end of Lake Erie and over the waters where was fought the famous naval battle of Lake Erie, he enters the straits which unite Lake Huron and Lake Erie, known as the Detroit River below and the St. Clair River above the city of Detroit. Touching here to take on or drop off passengers, he passes Belle Isle, the unique park of the Boston of the West, as Chicago may perhaps be called its New York, and shortly thereafter finds himself steaming through what I will call the Grand Canal of Little Venice. This picturesque summer resort, built partly on piles, partly on low islands barely emerging above the broad, lake-like river, is less euphoniously designated in local vernacular as "The Flats." Apparently the only communication between different parts of the village

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is by boats, and we passed one church to which I am sure the congregation can come by no other method than the Venetian carriage. It is growing dark when the steamer passes out of the St. Clair River into Lake Huron, and midway between breakfast and dinner the second day of the trip when it approaches the island of Mackinac. This summering-place looks so charming from the deck of the steamer that I was half inclined to envy the bridal party which contrived to get itself left here as we returned; and was quite inclined to think that the accident was skillfully planned by the groom, until I heard that four of his party were left with him, a fact which completely exonerated him. The rest of the day is spent in ascending the Ste. Marie River, through a wilderness which in places looks well-nigh as wild as when the first explorer was paddled up its waters in an Indian canoe. Here at one point the channel has been cut out of the solid rock-bottom of the shallow river by the Government, and really constitutes a ship canal, though the shores of the cutting are visible only when in the wake of the steamer the receding wave leaves the rock bare for a moment behind us. At the "Soo," so called, there is half an hour or more to spend on shore if one likes, while the water in one of the two locks in which the impatient ship is for the time confined lifts it from the level of the lower to the level of the higher lake, some twenty feet above. Here, too, on your return trip, if you wish for an experience of dangerless excitement, you hire an Indian to pole you up the rapids in his bateau that you may shoot down them again with incredible speed. There are times during the operation when you are inclined to hold your breath; but when you are told that there are fifteen feet of water in the channel and that no accident has ever occurred, you come to the conclusion that the whoop with which the boatman signalizes one point in the descent is not a note of warning, but only a dramatic addition to prevent the experience from becoming too tame. The steamer is well out on Lake Superior before the sun goes down, and the passengers need all their wraps that evening and next day, however high may be the thermometer which they have left behind them. Not until early evening of the third day do they find themselves entering the unique harbor of the unique city of Duluth.

Two features distinguished this particular trip, apart from the excellence of the company, which made it seem more like a private yachting party than an ordinary voyage. Every evening we gathered in the saloon, and found mysteriously provided something to gather for: Saturday evening a stereopticon lecture by Major Pond on "Other Men's Brains"—a rather remarkable portrait gallery he gave us; Sunday evening a simple church service; Monday evening a concert, contributed by Miss Howe, vocalist, and Miss Okell, pianist; Tuesday evening an entertainment by Mr. J. S. Burdette; Wednesday evening a personally conducted tour around the world by Dr. Field; and Thursday evening a farewell entertainment effervescent with comradeship and good cheer. Every morning, too, about ten o'clock we gathered about the piano and sang half a dozen hymns from the Plymouth Hymnals which the Outlook Company has left in the steamer as a memorial of the trip, and joined in a responsive reading from the Psalter, and in a brief prayer offered by one of the ministers on board. This spontaneous service of song was led by the Rev. Howard S. Bliss, to whom we were indebted for what all regarded as one of the pleasantest incidents of this unique outing.

The other feature was a disappointment, but served to show that the people of the West are practical philosophers, who could teach something even to Boston. Something like a couple of thousand citizens of Duluth gathered in and about what is, I believe, the largest church in the city, to give a reception to the Outlook party. Alas! the Outlook party had been caught in the fog just as they were passing out of Ste. Marie River, and did not reach Duluth till after midnight, instead of at half-past six. The philosophical citizens were not to be thus deprived of greeting their guests. They extemporized out of two of their speakers a Henry M. Field and a Lyman Abbott for the occasion, gave these vice-guests the reception intended for the belated guests, and got from them the speeches which the veteran editor of the "Evangelist" and the editor of The Outlook

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were thus spared the necessity of making. As to the city of Duluth, with its marvelous ten-mile drive, its glorious outlook, its tonic air, and its school-houses wholly unequaled as an educational collection, so far as I know, by those of any other city in the country, I will not dishonor it by attempting to put its portrait in a paragraph.

On the last evening, at our farewell gathering, a letter was read which had been drafted to be presented to Mr. W. C. Farrington, the Vice-President of the company which owns and operates the twin steamers North West and North Land. It was signed by the members of the Outlook party, and presented to Mr. Farrington on our arrival. I secured no copy of it, and it would not be public property if I had done so, but I can hardly be accused of printing private correspondence if I quote from memory its closing sentences characterizing this summer jaunt: "Which has combined the restfulness of an ocean voyage without the seasickness, the panorama of a railroad trip without the dust and heat, and the luxury of the best hotel without the monotony." L. A.

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The Cuban Industrial Relief Fund

Last week we had the pleasure of printing Mr. William Willard Howard's telegram saying that the Outlook Farm Number One was working successfully, and that there were many applications for employment. This week we have a letter from Mr. Howard which says:

After the lease was signed we lost no time in getting to work. The only delays that have attended our operations since the day of landing in Cuba have been those caused by the difficulty in finding the rightful owners of lands that we desired to rent. Some of the owners are dead, some are in Mexico or Spain, and others are scattered over the island of Cuba without tangible address or habitation. There has been absolutely no other cause of delay, if I may except the natural slowness of doing business in this country. In the matter of moving our freight, of obtaining laborers, and in the cognate matters of beginning work on the farm, there have been no delays. Everything has moved with admirable promptness, a fact which I may credit as much to my two assistants, Mr. Freer and Mr. Tallmadge, as to the local conditions. I am now satisfied that the work will go forward as rapidly as funds are available.

It should be borne in mind that Outlook Farm, as it now stands, is merely a beginning. There is no limit to the extent to which the work connected with it can be carried. Land is here in great stretches of idleness and desolation, and one has only to call for laborers to have an army at his back. The Outlook Farm consists of forty acres of rich garden land fronting upon the village of Seiba Mocha, which is twelve miles west of the city of Matanzas on the railway to Havana. The property is bounded on two sides by the village streets, on another side by the Havana Railway line, and on the fourth side by the open fields. It has on it a five-room wooden farmhouse and a stone kitchen. The kitchen is loopholed for rifles, as it was used as a fort during the Cuban war. There is another Spanish fort on the place. We shall tear it down and use the stones for paving-blocks. We have decided to use mules instead of oxen in our farm work. We have bought six excellent mules from the army.

THE CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook.)

Previously acknowledged	$2,495 68
M. M. C., Saybrook, Conn	5 00
H. S. C., Ann Arbor, Mich	5 00
L. H. W., Boston, Mass	25 00
C. C. C., Boston, Mass	10 00
R. S. W., New York, N. Y	10 00
A. K. H., Providence, R. I	25 00
S. R., Catskill, N. Y	5 00
T. R., New York City	10 00
A. M. C., Minneapolis, Minn	1 00
S. M. M., Granville, O	10 00
Mrs. F. M. L., Kenwood, N. Y	5 00
H. C. W., Boston, Mass	20 00
St. Paul's Congregational Church, Nutley, N. J.	10 00
F., Great Barrington, Mass	5 00
J. S. C., Maine	5 00
B	10 00
E. J. D., Cambridge, Mass	5 00
L. E. H., Evanston, Ill	5 00
F. H., Oneida, Wis	5 00
A. B. H., Morristown, N. J	50 00
V. V. K., Baltimore, Md	10 00
M. W., Aurora, N. Y	20 00
W. C. L., Homer, N. Y	3 00
Nemo, Stonyhurst, Ill	1 00
W. H. L., Elmhurst, Ill	2 00
W. E. C., Cambridge, Mass	5 00
A. W. W., Providence, R. I	5 00
A Subscriber in Plainfield, Conn	5 00
E. R. P., Colorado Springs, Colo	3 00
M. E. C., New York, N. Y	2 00
C. A. H., Albany, N. Y	10 00
J. L. H., Atlantic City, N. J	2 00
A Friend, Waterbury, Conn	2 00
M. L. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass	2 00
J. M. C., Chicopee Falls, Mass	5 00
Two Friends of the Needy	5 00
R. W., Morrison, Ill	20 00
M. P. W., New Haven, Conn	10 00
C., Southbridge, Mass	5 00
J. A. B., Cleveland, O	5 00
From a Friend	5 00
C. A. C., Cazenovia, N. Y	1 00
Mary	1 00
C. E. L., East Orange, N. J	3 00
J. T., Newton Center, Mass	5 00
J. C. H	5 00
A. B	1 00
C. F. S., Falmouth, Mass	20 00
Mrs. J. W. H., Cambridge, Mass	5 00
Congregational Sunday-School, Plantsville, Conn	15 68
Several Members of the University of Chicago.	20 00
E. S. A., Catonsville, Ind	1 00
Ladies' Helping Hand Society, Greenwich, Kan.	2 00
Total	$2,928 36

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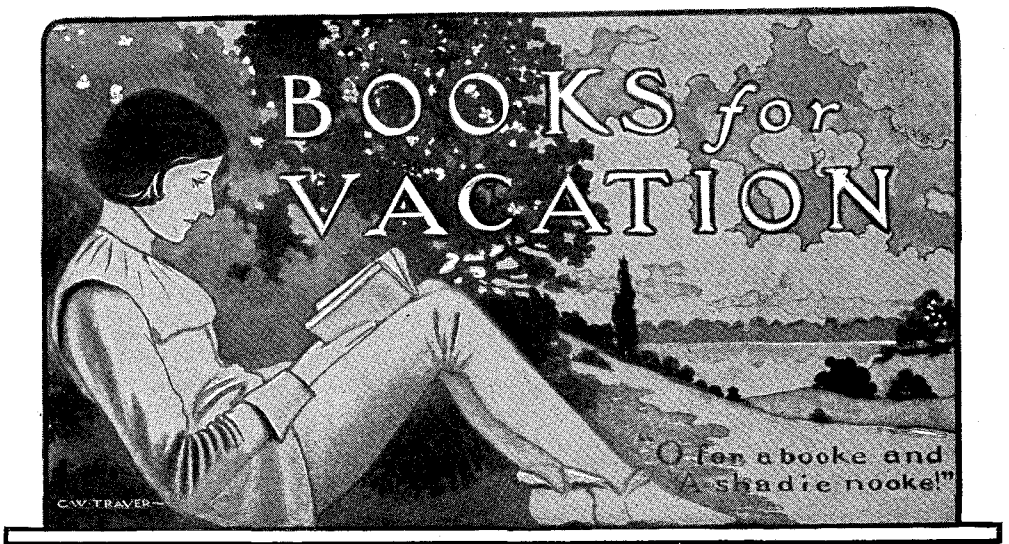

By James Mac Arthur

Associate Editor of The Bookman

The world of books is still the world, I write,
And both worlds have God's Providence, thank God,
To keep and hearten.

SO wrote Mrs. Browning, with that fine divination of the inseparableness of literature and life so characteristic of her own work. No aspiring mind can ever get very far away from the world of books. The best refuge from the fret and fever of the workaday world is in that city of the mind which we erect for ourselves in the midst of life, and which we people with a noble company. And with the general exodus and stampede at this season of the year from the crowded mart and thoroughfare of the town to the free, open spaces of hill and dale and sea, this city of the mind also opens wide its gates and goes on holiday. The craving for recreation is no less insistent with tired minds than with tired bodies. The imagination must have its pleasures, and where shall it find them more completely than in that world of books which Mrs. Browning saw so clearly had its scheme in the eternal fitness of things?

What shall we read? is a question that is laid heavily on the conscience of one who has to do with books by those who depend on their literary guides much as they lean on their spiritual directors. In the first place, because we are on holiday bent, there must be novelty and freshness in our choice, so that we shall confine our selection to the most recent publications. Secondly, if we are to enjoy the books we are to read during the summer, there must be no haste or hurry; therefore our list must be short and representative. Better a few books well read and mastered, so that our minds shall be enriched with the secrets from their treasure-house of wisdom and joy, than a mere bowing acquaintance with a host of titles and a congeries of faint, jumbled impressions that, as Carlyle would say, tend nowhither. Now that the hour of relaxation is upon us, let us listen humbly to the allurements of summer whose voices bid us rest and retire from the fever of life for a season. "In quietness and in confidence is your strength."

How many of the present generation of readers, I wonder, are familiar with Mrs. Oliphant beyond the name; few, I fancy, even know the titles of her best novels. And yet there was a time when she was

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long a favorite with the consumers of domestic fiction, and when she held her own in the public estimation even with George Eliot. Her first book, "The History of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," was published about the close of 1849, almost at the same time that "Shirley" appeared. Although the fact is not mentioned by Mrs. Oliphant in her "Autobiography," it may be said that Charlotte Brontë read "Margaret Maitland" with much interest. There hangs a pathos over this excellent story of the past which still stands the test of time. I read it with renewed pleasure only the other day. There came a time in the later years when Mrs. Oliphant's enthusiasms had cooled, when she felt "nothing but shame," she wrote, "at its foolish little polemics and opinions." Alas for those who live to laugh at the ideals of their youth! Had Mrs. Oliphant kept her early enthusiasms, her life might have been far different, and her work less voluminous, but on a higher and more joyous level. But, painful as it is to follow the record of this life, a life early darkened by the shadow of misfortune and misconduct on the part of her nearest and dearest, one cannot say that it spells failure in the end. As the shadow deepens, the spirit of the woman burns clearer; her faith and hope remain unshattered. Crushed she is, and she says, pathetically, that she had no answer to her prayers; but sorrow and trouble had no power to daunt the brave soul, and she probably never did better work than that upon which she was engaged when she died. "The History of the House of Blackwood" is a monumental work, and will stand securely among the annals of famous publishers. It should be read together with the "Autobiography," which, apart from the deep interest of the story of the life it enshrines, has many by-paths that lead to the acquaintance of many pleasant people, among them being the Tennysons. The extent of Mrs. Oliphant's work in journalism, contributed almost wholly to "Blackwood's," as seen in the list given at the back of the "Autobiography," is amazing, not only for the prodigious industry it betokens, but for the adequate knowledge and variety of subjects displayed. Mrs. Oliphant would have scorned the use of the word journalism as applied to her work, and yet she had an abundance of the true journalist's gifts; the portrait in the group reproduced here has all the traits, it seems to us, of the alert, wide-awake, exceedingly clever "lady journalist." With all her faults, and they were grave and sad ones, the figure of this woman—brave, noble, enduring to the end—shines through the gloom that surrounded her, a never-to-be-forgotten figure.

From Mrs. Oliphant's "Autobiography"—the confessions of a fascinating but sorrowful soul—one passes with relief into the sunny temper and happy disposition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences." Mr. McCarthy, it has been often said, and herein he verifies the statement, has a good word for everybody, and is a man without an enemy. His recollections have been mellowed by the warmth of a generous and radiant temperament. There are no harsh judgments, no bitter sayings, no discourtesies. It is not only the well-bred distinction of the gentleman; there is an added grace of courtliness and habit of easy admiration. This may not always be convincing, but it is pleasant to feel that he has had an eye for the good qualities of the distinguished men and women with whom he has been in enviable contact, and that somehow, under the urbane influence of his personality, they unfailingly showed him the best side of their characters. This is agreeable to contemplate; it goes far to remove many unfortunate prejudices that have been stirred into ignoble being by the pens of less happily disposed chroniclers. The range of Mr. McCarthy's reminiscences is so wide and so varied that one seems to meet all the celebrities of the past forty years in his pages—from Thackeray to Kipling. A noble company, in all verity.

Mr. McCarthy, in his recollections of Robert Browning, warmly resents the charge sometimes made that the great poet was "a mere chatterer in society, and a devotee of rank and fashion." Not so, declares Mr. McCarthy; "I have met a great many brilliant talkers in different countries in my time. I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant, or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject, than Robert Browning." The conviction is deepened by the Browning Love Letters,

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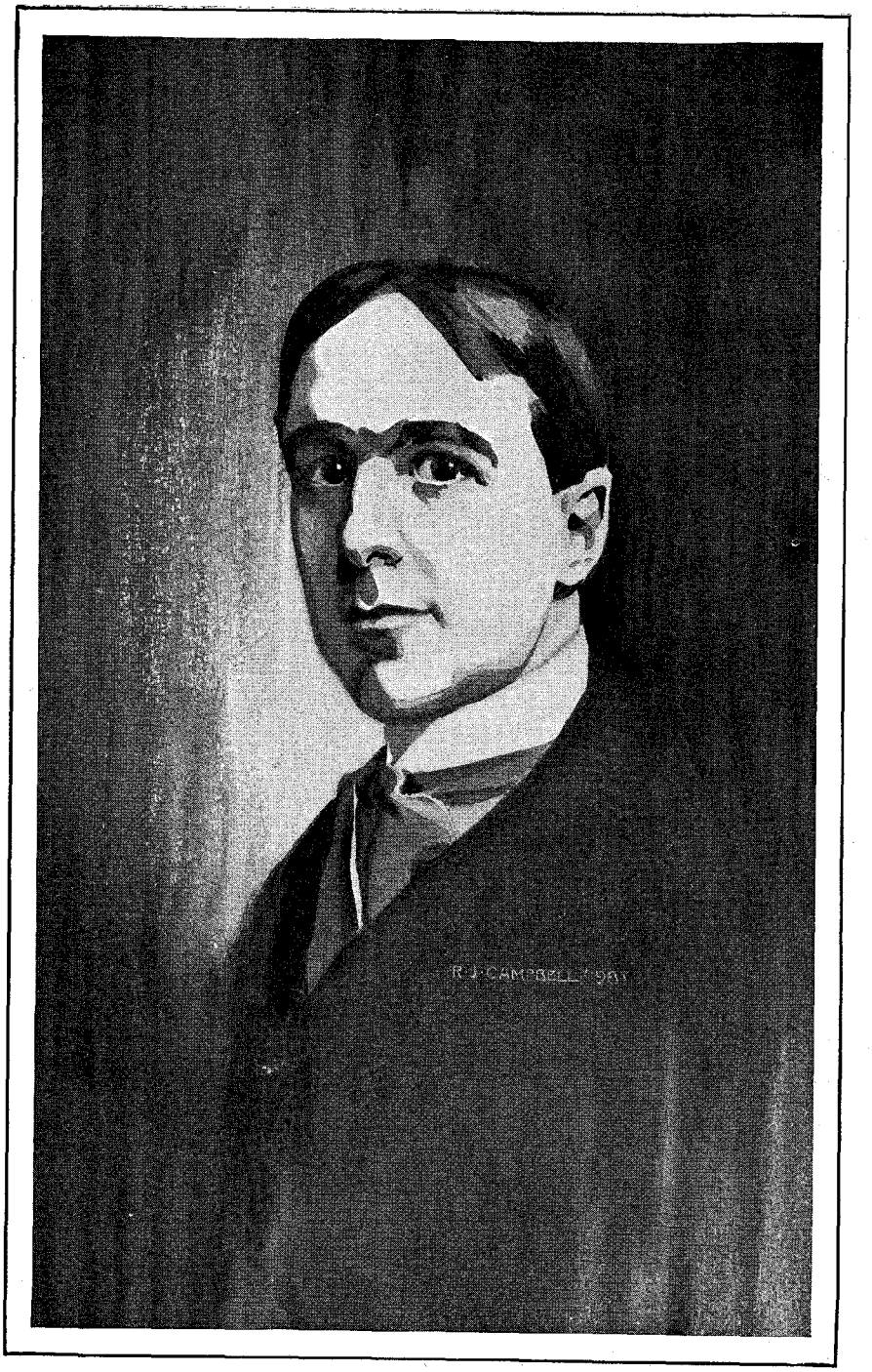

WINSTON CHURCHILL

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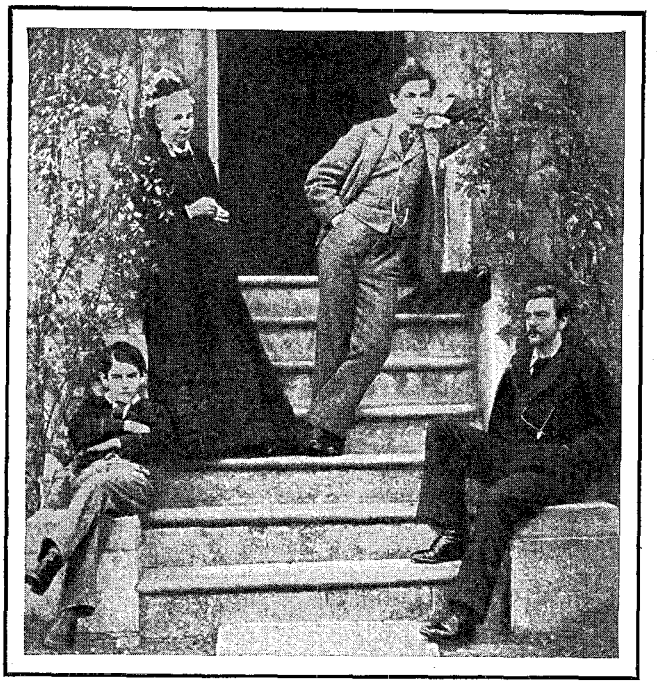

MRS. OLIPHANT AND HER SONS

There the versatility, the brilliance, the profundity, and moreover the deep sincerity and truth, of Browning's nature are splendidly exemplified. Again, in the "Fragments of an Autobiography" by Felix Moscheles there is a budget of reminiscences about the poet and refined man of the world which strengthens this impression. As for the Browning Love Letters, whatever censure one may have for the questionable good taste of the promoters in giving them to the world is soon dispelled upon reading them. One can only accept and cherish them. Read these two volumes, then ponder on the fact how much poorer literature would be without them; what an exaltation of love in actual realization would have been lost to mankind, who sorely need their ideals inspired and sustained by the living truth. If life is realized fiction, as one has said recently, then here is the most wonderful love story in the world of books. "Here were two people who all their lives through in their poetry had been saying that the one thing in life that mattered, the one thing worth having, the one thing truly significant, was the love between man and woman which is inseparable from the sex instinct, but translates the most plainly animal fact in our lives into the most plainly spiritual. And, having said this in their verse, it was given them, after long delay, to prove it in their lives." One of the most remarkable events of Mrs. Oliphant's later years was her unlooked-for eulogy and championship of a book as unique in its way—Mr. Barrie's life of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy." One wonders what would have been her judgment of these letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

Readers of The Outlook had an unwonted pleasure recently in Mr. Markham's striking and powerfully conceived poem, "The Man with the Hoe," which was reprinted in these pages. The slender volume of Mr. Markham's poems which has just been published testifies that this poem, which has made such a sensation, by no means stands alone as a mere *tour de force* of the poet. Indeed, there are several poems in this volume which are of a rarer and superior quality and imaginative daring. Mr. Markham is not averse to handling lighter and gentler themes, but underlying all his thought and art there is a deep vein of seriousness which finds its counterpart in a strong virility and vigor of expression. The poems will bear much reading and meditation. I am tempted even within the limitations of this paper to quote a favorite—"My Comrade:"

I never build a song, by night or day,
Of breaking ocean or of blowing whin,
But in some wondrous unexpected way,
Like light upon a road, my Love comes in.

And when I go at night upon the hill,
My heart is lifted on mysterious wings:
My Love is there to strengthen and to still,
For she can take away the dread of things.

I hope that there are few among those who will read these humble suggestions toward a profitable summer's reading who have not made acquaintance with the most fascinating and passionate book of the sea it has ever been the lot of some to read—namely, "The Cruise of the

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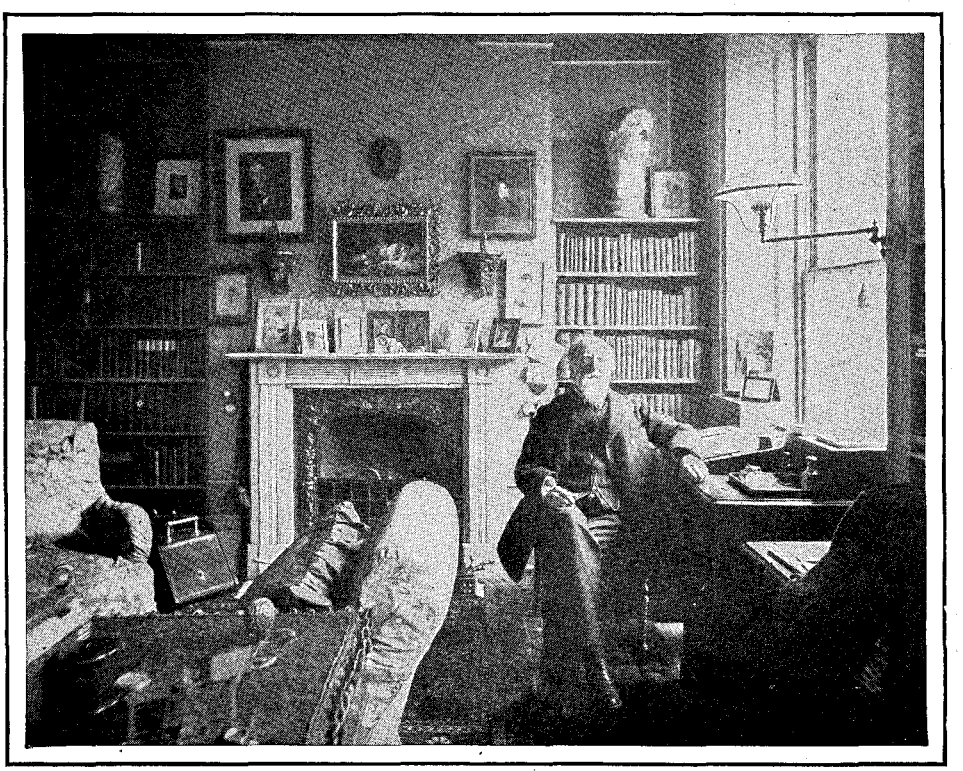
Cachalot;" for they will have a hearty welcome to offer Mr. Frank T. Bullen's more recently published "Idylls of the Sea," and any further recommendation will be superfluous. So fine and true is the art of the writer, so genuinely joyous and bracing his temper, so vivid and real and glamourous his picturesque treatment of the ocean and its wondrous life, that it is impossible to speak of the book without enthusiasm, and any attempt at criticism is recklessly thrown to the winds. These Idylls will brighten and vivify many a dull hour, and will stimulate the spirit of man to fresh sensations and dreams of the strange and fateful mysteries of the ocean. "But I am doing the readers of this book a very ill turn in keeping them waiting at the door"—to repeat the closing words of the Introduction. "Let them be assured there is matter well worth their marking within, and that if they are capable of taking pleasure in the sea and its secrets, they cannot fail of entertainment here."

One more book of the late war, "The Rough Riders," by Theodore Roosevelt, is added to a list already grown out of all proportions to the importance of the subject. I confess that these books have had little if any interest for me as literature bearing on the events of last year, momentous as they were in themselves. For the most part they have been the hasty and showy productions of clever journalists, sometimes not even that, urged on by enterprising and "up-to-date" publishers. But an exception is easily granted for such a book as Colonel Roosevelt's "Rough Riders." The reputation of the writer is a guarantee of good faith for the quality of work, and a certain interestingness which any book of his is bound to possess. The author of "The Winning of the West" may well be welcomed as the eulogist of that considerable section of the army with which he was identified, and as the chronicler of the deeds of prowess done by his loyal and sturdy followers. The Colonel's story is unflaggingly told with spirit and vigor, and is an admirable record, graphically related, of his wonderful and exceptional volunteer organization. The book is full of human interest, and nothing in the manner of relation becomes the author like that in



JUSTIN M'CARTHY IN HIS LIBRARY

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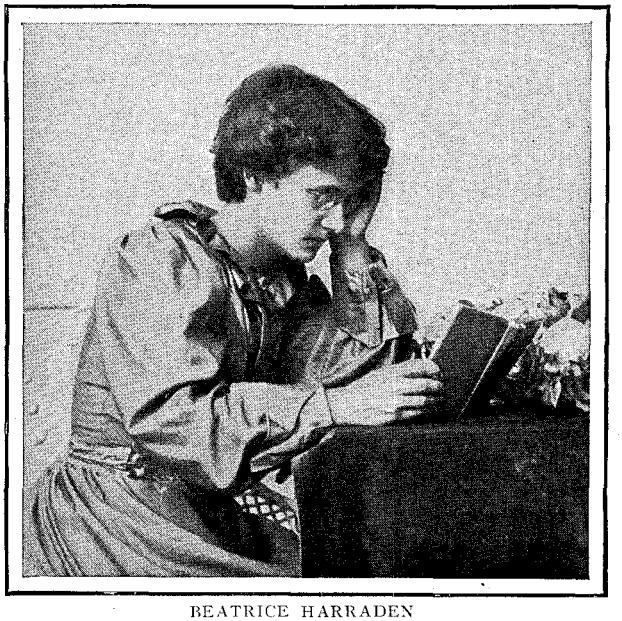
which he takes leave of his readers. "Is it any wonder that I loved my regiment?" The touching episode which causes the big-hearted, bluff soldier and leader of men to blurt out, as it were, this momentary bit of genuine emotion must be left unspoiled by any paraphrase of it.

We have been waiting in this country for a critic of contemporary drama who should be to things theatric in America what Bernard Shaw and William Archer are in England, and what Francisque Sarcey was in France. One can conceive a critic of such distinction being listened to by the thinking theater-goer and those among us really interested in and seriously concerned about the conditions of dramatic art and its presentation here. There are two men in New York who, to my mind, are entitled by their critical handling of the drama to be so distinguished, and whose names will yet be known beyond these shores. One of these, Mr. Norman Hapgood, has gained wide recognition during the past season by his signed criticisms in a well-known literary journal; the other now emerges from pseudonymity in a volume of brilliant essays and *obiter dicta* about the theater that has already awakened both press and public to no small degree of interest by its startling and striking histrionic ideas, its trenchant and vigorous censures, and its fresh individuality and cogency of speech.



BEATRICE HARRADEN

"Masques and Mummers," by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, is deserving of a serious hearing, not only for its meritorious and excellent work, but because the book itself is a pioneer in modern dramatic criticism of an independence and originality peculiarly valuable to Americans interested in our theater as an institution of scenic art. Now is a good time for reflection on a subject of such importance to the community, between seasons, and it will profit the reader greatly to make acquaintance with these deliverances of Mr. Nirdlinger's. I wish there were space to give some of the titles of the essays; they are most inviting and suggestive.

Little has been added of any moment this year to the out-of-door books that have been published during the last year or two. "Nature Studies in Berkshire," by John Coleman Adams, with its beautiful illustrations of Berkshire scenery in photogravure, is a book picturesque and beautiful throughout, that will tempt holiday-seekers who resort to the Berkshire Hills. It will be a pleasant companion, communicative of wise and entertaining things about the beauties of woods and fields in the Berkshires. "How to Know the Ferns," by the author of the ever-popular "How to Know the Wild Flowers," occupies a distinct field. By its assistance you will be enabled to enter a world of delight in the intimacy of companions other than human for a change. Mrs. Parsons's guide to the names, haunts, and habits of our common ferns is sure to prove as valuable as her guide to the wild flowers, which has held its own now against all comers for six years. To those who wish to amplify or vary their study of botany a new book called "A Guide to the Wild Flowers," by Alice Lounsberry, will be found satisfactory. The work has been done with great thoroughness, and is handled with skill and interest. There are numerous pictures and diagrams and over sixty colored plates.

And now we come to fiction. For a spring season the num-

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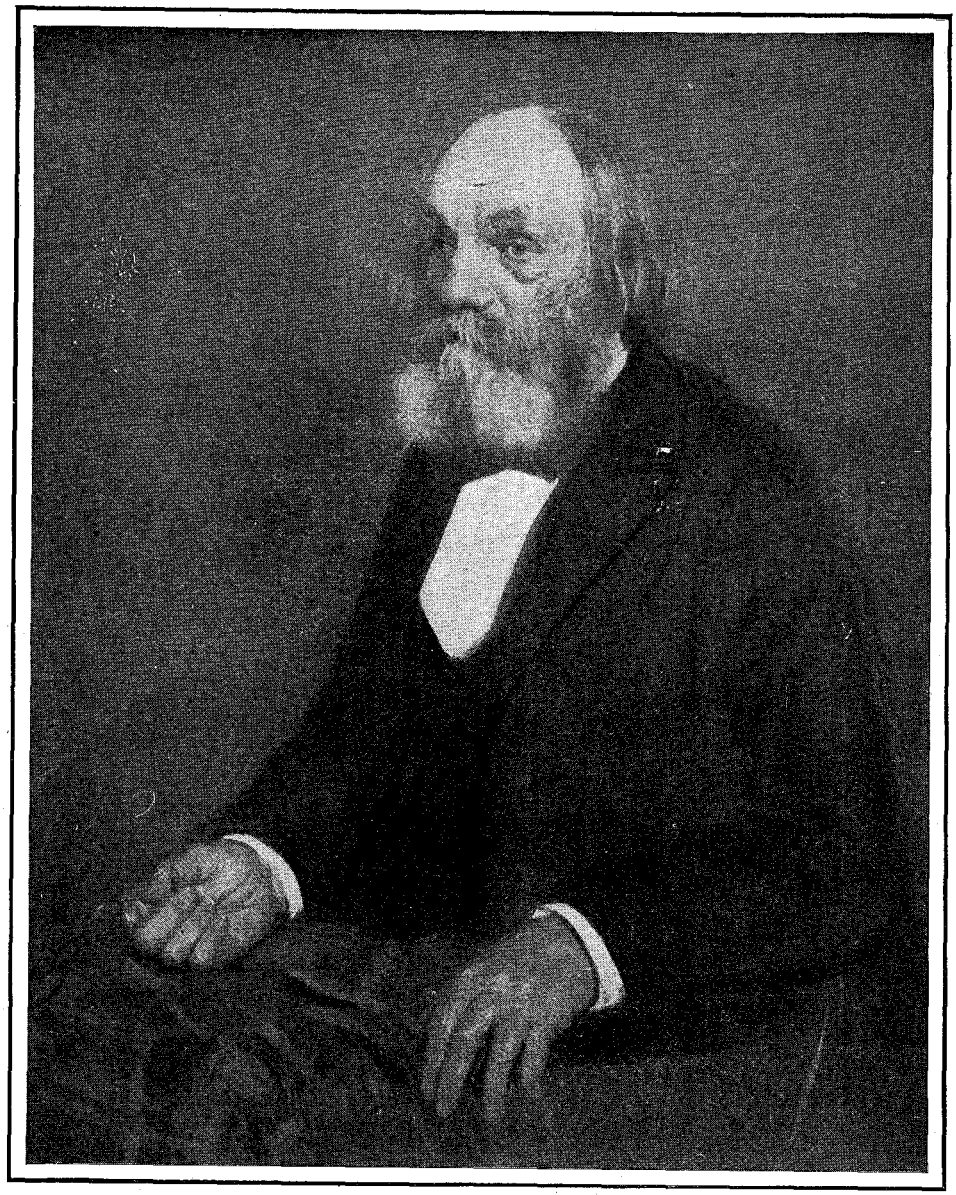

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ber of good novels and volumes of short stories issued during the past few months has been unusually large. The novel which stands head and shoulders above its neighbors is undoubtedly Mr. Eden Philpotts's Dartmoor novel, "The Children of the Mist;" while there is as little doubt regarding the priority of Mrs. Edith Wharton's "The Greater Inclination" among the books of short stories. These two volumes stand clear above those of their kind published in some time. "The Children of the Mist" is a story of such uncommon power, so rare in its fine quality of the imagination, so instinct with poetic beauty, that it is tantalizing to feel that it just misses greatness. But that does not prevent Mr. Philpotts's sincere and thoroughly interesting tale from being popular in its appeal alike to the judicious and to the multitude. It would be a pity to see the book suffer neglect because of ignorance; for here is a book that thousands of readers will delight in; a book that is sure to

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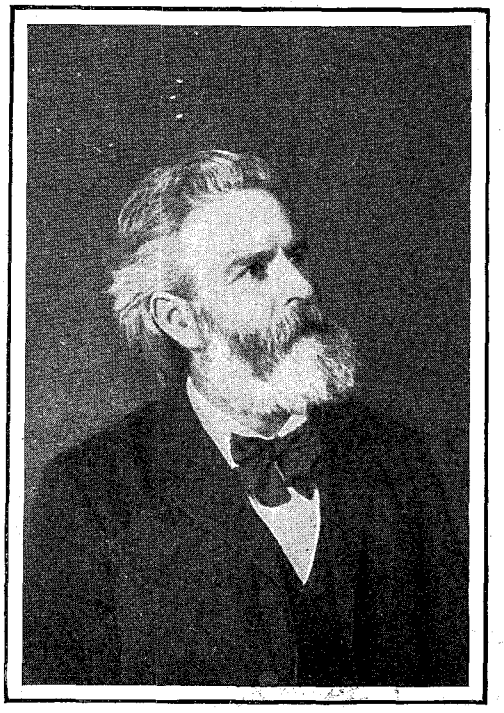
win a second reading when once it has fallen into the hands of a fortunate reader. Some such feeling has aroused the author of "Lorna Doone" to throw a rare word—as he says he does his books—over his garden wall in behalf of this comparatively new writer, who has dared to enter the same field as Mr. Blackmore's "Christowell." We quote him in part: "Knowing nothing of the writer or his works, I was simply astonished at the beauty and power of this novel. But true as it is to life and place, full of deep interest, rare humor, and vivid descriptions, there seemed to be risk of its passing unheeded in the crowd and rush and ruck of fiction. . . . Literature has been enriched with a wholesome, genial, and noble tale, the reading of which is a pleasure in store for many."

"The Greater Inclination" is a collection of eight stories, and only one of them can be said to fail, and that somehow through structural incoherence. They are ingenious in theme, studies in emotional psychology for the most part, but without—such is the general impression—one morbid touch. There is the stamp of true distinction on every page; and while the finished style, studded with wit and epigram, charms continually, it never detracts from the interest of the story, which to the majority is the main thing after all. Humor of a subtle, refined sort deliciously permeates the author's view of things, and that, with a wide charity, balances a certain cynicism which tinctures these studies of life. This is particularly observable in "The Pelican," which seems to be a general favorite with Mrs. Wharton's readers, although there are other stories in the book which stir us to greater admiration and delight.



EDWIN MARKHAM

The author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" is one of those writers fortunate in winning a respectably large audience by a first novel. To be sure, such prizes are hard to hold, and there have probably been few successful first works of fiction that have been followed by greater or as great successes. Literary history shows that it is far oftener the other way. In "A Double Thread," Miss Fowler's second story, there is a sufficiency to sustain the interest created by "Concerning Isabel Carnaby;" but it comes perilously near wearing the reader out by its unceasing display of epigram and not very slight affectations of style. The epigrams, too, do not sink in the general significance of the tale as do those in Mrs. Wharton's stories, but they are so clever and oftentimes brilliant and effective that this can be overlooked by those who are attracted by such scintillation of intellectual cleverness. The "double thread" is rather a forced and timorous affair to string a strong story on; nevertheless, Miss Fowler's daring is effective and is its own reward. The book diffuses a sparkle and radiance that will brighten its hour, and, like all of this author's work, it has the desirable quality of readableness.

At the time of Mrs. Oliphant's death, Miss Beatrice Harraden wrote an appreciation of this noble woman in which she expressed gratitude for helpful criticism and recognition received from her while struggling with her early efforts at story-writing, some of which first saw light in "Blackwood's Magazine," with which Mrs. Oliphant was so closely identified. Miss Harraden's severe mentor, were she still alive, would no doubt find some things

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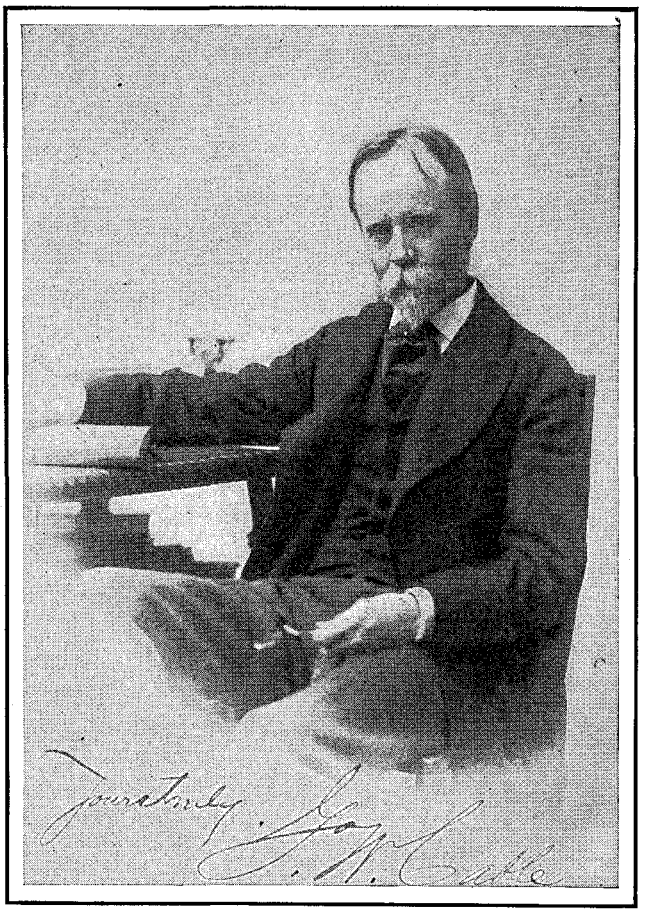

GEORGE W. CABLE

in her new novel, "The Fowler," to condemn with vigor; but her admiration for the work which is the product of four or five years' industry, with intermissions caused by ill health, would have been a delight to Miss Harraden. The "burden of living" Miss Harraden has exchanged in this novel for the "joy of life." Her heroine is a robust, healthy-minded, joyous young woman when we are introduced to her, but a detrimental influence preys on her superabundant vitality which nearly ends in tragedy. It comes near enough to it to make the book very serious and earnest in its appeal. "The Fowler" shows uncommon thoughtfulness and a deep sincerity of purpose, lightened by scenes of rustic comedy and strengthened by characters that, with one or two exceptions, have a living interest for us. Perhaps the chief charm of "The Fowler" to many will lie in the strangely fascinating personality of the author, which is at once concealed and revealed in the pages of the book. It has also the merit of an original theme; one which we feel Miss Harraden has started but not mastered.

It will be a singularly apathetic nature that is not stirred to enjoyable excitement by Mr. Rider Haggard's latest romance, "Swallow." It has been the custom for some years to decry Mr. Rider Haggard's gifts and to discredit his stories, and this has not been altogether unwarranted. But the fact has been responsible for a good deal of oversight and superficial judgment in the case of his new novel. "Swallow" is one of the best books we have had from this romancer of African life since he wrote "Dawn" and "Jess." It is the most artistic and the most convincing of all his adventure stories; and the thrill of "She" without the sensationalism is in it. "Swallow," if it gets widely into the hands of readers, surely is destined to revive its author's literary reputation.

Among the novels that have come from new writers this spring there is one called "A Tent of Grace" which is a remarkable achievement for an initial performance. The promise of the opening pages is good, and the introductory chapters are touched with a lightness and gayety which make the surprise of the story's pathos and power, as it makes for the deep waters, all the more striking. You take up the tale of the little Jewish maid indifferently, it may be, but you are soon swept into a sea of passion, into a whirlwind of injustice, that holds you with might and main. It is a most touching love story, told with exquisite grace, and framed in a narrative form that is a tribute to art. The author will be heard from again, we are sure.

"Men's Tragedies" and "Richard

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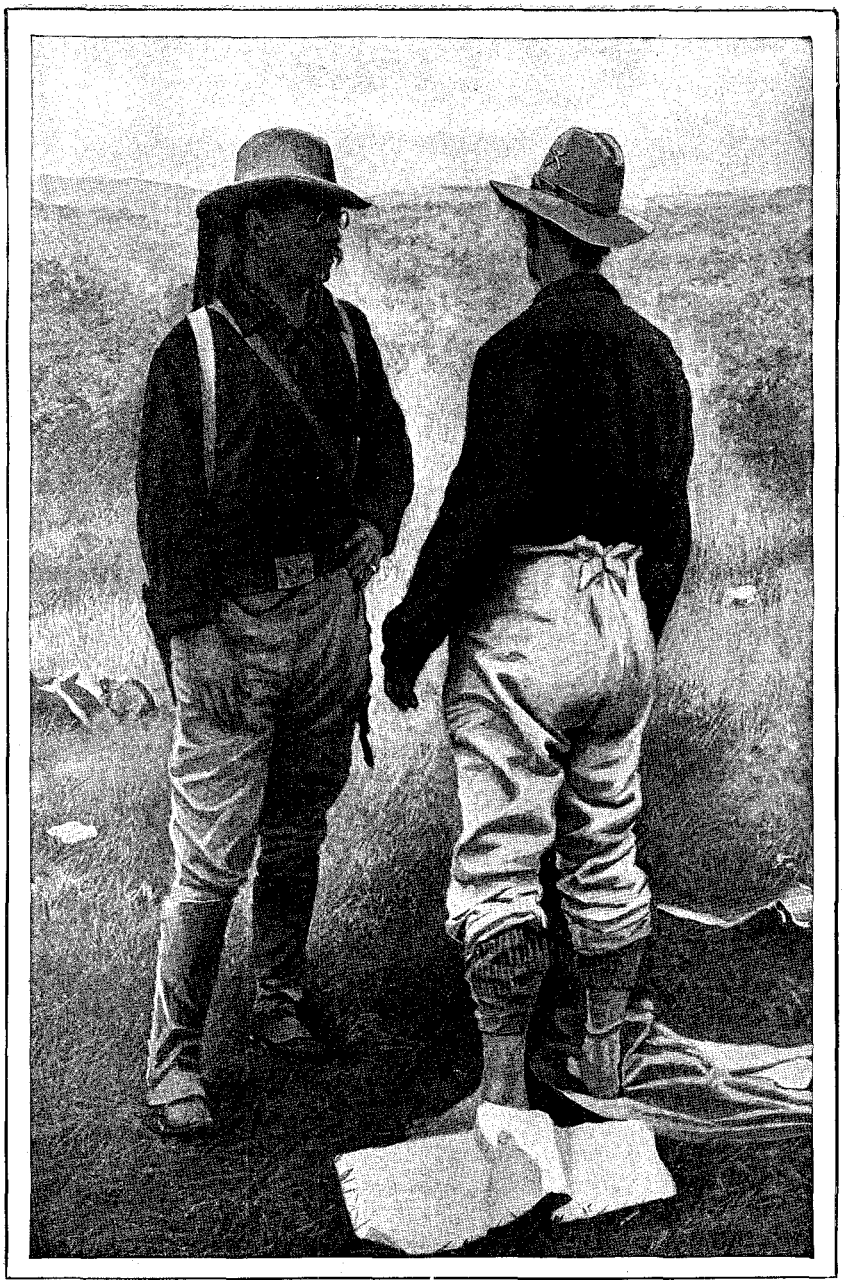

GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND ONE OF HIS ROUGH RIDERS

Carvel," the former a collection of stories and the latter a lengthy novel of pre-Revolutionary days, are both the work of young men. Mr. Risley makes his bid for the reader's suffrage for the first time, but Mr. Churchill has already riveted some attention on his new novel through the talk which his rather clever story "The Celebrity" provoked a year ago. "Richard Carvel" is an ambitious and praiseworthy attempt to rear a romance around the old cavalier colony of Maryland, and to tell a story that will hold the interest for its own sake. The scene of action changes after a time from Annapolis to the London of Horace Walpole and George Selwyn, and the interest slackens somewhat, but it is caught up again before

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the end is reached. It is a romance of a flavor that will give much pleasure to a wide circle of readers. The illustrations, by the way, are unusually good. As for "Men's Tragedies," there is strength and a capacity to handle passion in these stories which is almost astonishing in the work of a man of twenty-four. The dominant note is virility made to assume idealistic forms through the agency of the divine passion and ecstasy of love. Women will read it and be moved by its terrible tales of love and hate, of long-suffering and faithfulness, of disaster and ruin, of life and death; but it is pre-eminently a man's book. The men—let us be thankful for that—are strong men, men of intensity and capable of great feeling. Barring certain excrescences of adolescence left over, as it were, in forming his style, the manner of writing, the language, the form, are in keeping with the themes—vigorous, masterful, inevitable, with an undercurrent of deep emotion held in the leash of restraint. The book is sufficient in itself, but it certainly makes one curious about Mr. Risley's future work.

A place must be found for the three stories which Mr. Cable has had published in one volume under the title "Strong Hearts." My devotion to Mr. Cable's work has never swerved since the memorable occasion when I first chanced on "Old Creole Days." For all that he has written in fiction, with the exception of "John March, Southerner," I have the highest admiration, and few books afford me the pure delight to be derived always from his "Bonaventure," his most perfect work of art. I except "John March" because my regard for the man's work is so beautiful a thing to me that I have allowed criticism to make a coward of me and have always been afraid to read it lest the pain of its alleged failure should dim my dream. "Strong Hearts" should be read not only for the pleasure it will convey, the registered impressions it will reaffirm, but for the sake of renewing an old acquaintance with Mr. Cable's previous work. It strengthens our faith in the existence of an American literature.

For sheer delight in the supernatural as practiced by and exercised upon the plantation negro, you may be commended to "The Conjure Woman," by Charles W. Chesnutt. There are seven stories full of marvelous things, quaint things, comic things, told by the venerable "Ole Julius McAdoo, who 'uz bawn an' raise' on dis yer same plantation." Mr. Chesnutt has the gift of story-telling, and with that a shrewd humor, an eye for comic effects, an unfaltering artistic sense. The dialect need not be feared; it is easily read; Mr. Chesnutt's mastery of language as a means and not an end is, indeed, not the least of his literary talents. Here is a book that will entertain, and, if you have a mind for it, that will also enlighten you by the way about certain phases of the plantation life of the Old South. Mr. Chesnutt knows his ground well, and his characters

RIDER HAGGARD

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are to the manner born.

When Justin McCarthy made his first visit to Boston, he was told by James T. Fields, then the head of the great Boston publishing house, that Lowell was so fond of the song of the birds at Cambridge that he could not easily be prevailed upon to spend any time in the city. This was so characteristic of the poet, the essayist, the refined man of letters and affairs of state, that it strikes just the note of invitation the reader gone a-holidaying needs to take up Dr. Edward Everett Hale's delightful book on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." His was so large a life that it throve best away from the city limits, unfettered by the conventional and commonplace gyves of space or time or flesh or sense. This fact seems to have impressed itself on Mr. McCarthy's observation, for we find him in his "Reminiscences" declaring that while he admired Lowell always, he admired him most in his own home and amid his own familiar surroundings at Cambridge. "It seemed to me," says the genial chronicler, "that I understood him best under such conditions, perhaps because I had for so many years come to associate him with the poets and scholars and essayists, the workers and the dreamers who made that corner of the United States so dear and so fascinating to admirers in the old country."

EDEN PHILPOTTS

Dr. Hale's book has already been presented to the readers of The Outlook during the months of 1898, but it will be pleasant, even to those who have read it in installments, to read it again in its uninterrupted book form. Dr. Hale's biography is far removed from the stereotyped form; it is a human story, full of personality and charm, and replete with reminiscences and genial retrospection. Apropos of Hosea Biglow, who was for most Englishmen the creator of Lowell's fame, Mr. McCarthy remembers once attending an annual dinner of the Cobden Club at Greenwich, where Mr. John Bigelow, then American Minister at Paris, was among the distinguished guests. Mr. Bigelow was called upon to respond to a toast, and one of the company who was seated near Mr. McCarthy made manifestations of intense interest. "Hush!" said he, sharply, rebuking all hum of conversation; "I want to hear this man more than any other; I do so admire his 'Biglow Papers.'"

These, then, are the books which I would recommend among the more recent publications for the cultivation of "a heart at leisure from itself," and for the enrichment and entertainment of the jaded imagination. Our pleasantest recollections of reading are associated often with the books we have read in summer-time; cradled among the hills; nestling in the cool depths of the glen; huddled on the chair of an ocean steamer; or resting by the rim of the sea, with its roaring breakers or lapping wavelets mingling harmoniously with the thoughts and feelings that come and go on the printed page. And the highest delight of all may be gathered from the silent pauses in our reading, which Henry James has so admirably put in his paradoxical manner when he says that Nanda Brookenham "had sunk down upon a bench almost with a sense of adventure, yet not too fluttered to wonder if it wouldn't have been happy to bring a book; the charm of which, precisely, would have been in feeling everything about her too beautiful to let her read." But the book—the magic wand—must be there, or the charm can have no existence.

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The Love Letters of Two Poets[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THE publication of the love letters of two of the greatest poets of the century is an event of no small significance. That Robert Browning is the greatest dramatic poet of England since Shakespeare we regard as indisputable; that he belongs in the first rank of poets of any description, in spite of some uncouth mannerism, we judge also certain, though not undisputed. We do not know any woman poet in English literature who would rank above Mrs. Browning, though her physical ill health imparted a certain morbid tinge to her poetry, and perhaps her sex imparted to it some degree of sentimentality. A series of photographs of the innermost thought and feeling of two such spirits affords a psychological study of profound interest. Whether it ought ever to have been given to the public is a question which it seems to us useless to discuss. To the public it has been given, and the question for the critic to consider is what there is in it for the public's benefit.

Perhaps the most extraordinary characteristic of these letters is the negative one—that in them there is nothing for which any admirer of either poet or poetess would feel any necessity to apologize. Most of us are conscious that we cannot express our innermost selves even to our dearest and best friends; that there are in our housekeeping some corners left that will not bear the light. Most of us are glad that we do not lie open before any one except Him whose charity is as great as His purity, and who knows our faults only that He may cure them. Most of us hesitate to utter the prayer even to Him, "Search me, O God, and see if there be any evil way in me;" from such a searching even by the All-Father we shrink. This sense that there is something concealed which we are unwilling to have disclosed emphasizes, though it does not alone produce, that universal shrinking from the publication of private letters. And it is in turn emphasized by such publications. There is not a little in the letters of Carlyle which makes it somewhat more difficult for his disciples to admire that Hebrew prophet born out of his time. Matthew Arnold's letters do not merely "tell tales out of school" about living men and women which ought never to have been told to the public, but in the telling disclose a certain egotistical cynicism in the writer which is hinted at but not so frankly revealed in his public writings. George Eliot's private letters, as published in the biography which Mr. Cross has given to the world, are barren of interest in substance and prosaic in style, and create the impression, if they do not compel the conviction, that she wrote with power only when she wrote for the public, and that she required the stimulant of public applause. But the love letters passing between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett contain no other hint of weakness than a certain exaggeration of sentiment, the absence of which would scarcely be pardonable in love letters. They are intense, as one would expect of the uncontrolled utterances of two such poets. But they are too much absorbed in each other to write gossip about others; they are too tenderly considerate of each other to give any expression to selfish, malign, or cynical sentiments; they are too unconscious of any one but themselves to write anything for effect. It is as if a sensitive plate had been set over against the minds of these two great poets, in their highest and noblest moods, and what passed through their minds was exactly photographed, preserved, and, without any retouching, given in first-proof impressions to the public.

Much has been written about "love at first sight," but this is the first case we recall, in either history or fiction, of love without sight—love, in fact, at first reading. The correspondence begins on January 10, 1845, with a letter from Mr. Browning to Miss Barrett; but it is May

[1] *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845–1846.* With Portraits and Facsimiles. In Two Volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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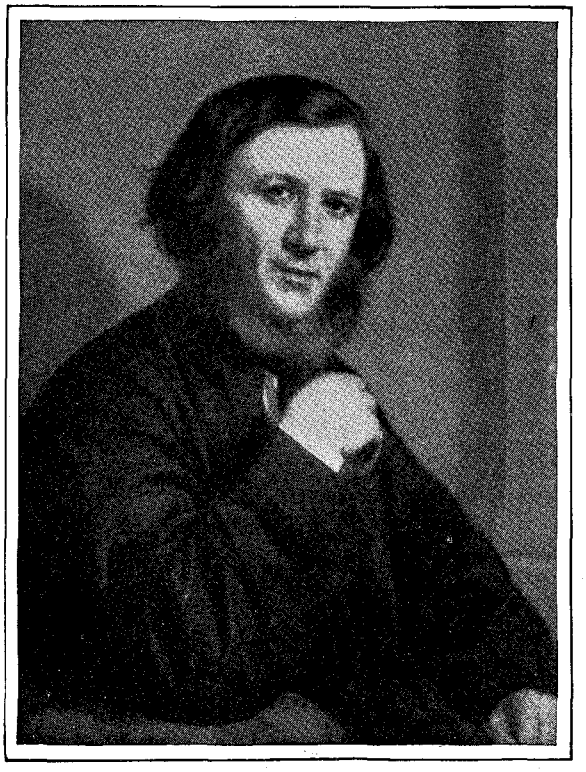

ROBERT BROWNING
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21, 1845, before Browning ventures, after much epistolary preparation, to call, though meanwhile they have corresponded almost daily, and both are living in London, or its suburbs, so that a call would have been an easy matter. Meanwhile that they are in love with each other is clear enough to the reader of these letters, though not, apparently, to the writers of them. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Mr. Browning's first letter is a true love letter, though the only basis for it is a volume of Miss Barrett's verses:

> I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett—and this is no off-hand complimentary letter that I shall write—whatever else; no prompt, matter-of-course recognition of your genius, and there a graceful and natural end of the thing. Since the day last week when I first read your poems, I quite laugh to remember how I have been turning and turning again in my mind what I should be able to tell you of their effect upon me, for in the first flush of delight I thought I would this once get out of my habit of purely passive enjoyment, when I do really enjoy, and thoroughly justify my admiration—perhaps even, as a loyal fellow-craftsman should, try and find fault and do you some little good to be proud of hereafter!—but nothing comes of it all—so into me has it gone, and part of me has it become, this great living poetry of yours, not a flower of which but took root and grew. . . . I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you, too. Do you know I was once not very far from seeing—really seeing you? Mr. Kenyon said to me one morning, "Would you like to see Miss Barrett?" Then he went to announce me—then he returned . . . you were too unwell; and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just sufficient bar to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles, and the sight was never to be?

The drama thus begins with love almost as tense as that with which Wagner begins his intensest love drama, "Tristan and Isolde," and continues in the same fashion through twenty months of almost daily correspondence, until it ends in—shall we call it an elopement, despite Miss Barrett's objection to the phrase?—made necessary by the obstinacy of a father who apparently had never been able to understand his daughter or to comprehend her need of a different climate than that of England, still less a different heart-climate than that raw and chilly one with which he provided her at home. Marriage took her, both literally and metaphorically, to Italy; and the letters stopped; we believe the lovers were never separated after marriage.

Intense, passionate with a pure, spiritual passion, but, above all, considerate, tender, self-depreciatory, are these letters; ideals of what love letters ought to be, because the writers are ideals of what lovers ought to be. It is true that even the delicacy, the self-abnegation, the mutual consideration, is abnormal and exaggerated, in some sense excessive. Mr. Browning has been corresponding for three months and has not yet seen Miss Barrett, nor ever proposed to call, nor been invited so to do, when he writes to her: "Yesterday I had occasion to go your way—past, that is, Wimpole Street, the end of it—and, do you know, I did

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not seem to have leave from you to go down it yet, much less count number after number till I came to yours—much least than less, look up when I did come there?" This is excess of delicacy; but none the less it is in delightful contrast with the self-assertiveness which selfish love sometimes arouses. The gradual processes by which at last it comes about that these two corresponding lovers get a mutual consent to a meeting in spite of the unwillingness of either to suggest it is a trifle amusing. First he suggests, getting at it with great circumlocution, "I should like to write something with you; how I would try!" She replies at a little length to this hint:

It must be, . . . at any rate, . . . that if *you* would like to 'write something together' with me, *I* should like it still better. I should like it for some ineffable reasons. And I should not like it a bit the less for the grand supply of jests it would administer to the critical Board of Trade, about visible darkness, multiplied by two, mounting into palpable obscure. We should not mind, . . . should we?—*you* would not mind, if you had got over certain other considerations deconsiderating to your coadjutor. Yes—but I dare not do it, . . . I mean, think of it, . . . just now, if ever; and I will tell you why in a Mediæval-Gothic-architectural manuscript.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT

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Then follows a long story of how she once attempted to write something with a Mr. Horne and nothing came of it, and then follows this enigmatical hint of a possible meeting:

Yes—you are going to Mr. Kenyon's on the 12th—and yes—my brother and sister are going to meet you and your sister there one day to dinner. Shall I have courage to see you soon, I wonder! If you ask me, I must ask myself.

To this he in turn replies with—

"If you ask me, I must ask myself"—that is when I am to see you—I will *never* ask you! You do *not* know what I shall estimate that permission at,—nor do I quite—but you do—do not you?—know so much of me as to make my 'asking' worse than a form—I do not 'ask' you to write to me—not *directly* ask at least.

And so it goes on through eight letters back and forth until the call is finally made. And this is typical, as is her declaration to him, near the close of the correspondence, "Your worst is better than my best." Nor does it appear to be a mere false pretension of humility and reverence; if it is somewhat exaggerated, it is genuine, the expression of the real feeling of poets whose sensibilities are supersensitive, whose emotions are overwrought, and whose depreciation of their own work is matched by their appreciation of the work of each other.

If we turn from the consideration of these letters as the mere language of love to their significance as literature, we find in that aspect of them no less interest. If Mr. Browning is the greater poet—as we have no doubt he is—Mrs. Browning is the better correspondent. The enigmatical and sometimes uncouth style of his poetry we understand better after reading these letters. Like a luxuriant forest are they, the great trees generally obscured by a perfect tangle of underbrush. He writes with fury, but does not correct with phlegm. He throws out fragments of sentences, parentheses in parentheses, qualifications of qualifications. The student of Paul's Epistles would get a better

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understanding of the Pauline style from reading Browning's letters. Sometimes, nevertheless, he becomes clear and continuous, and proves himself quite capable of logical thought, as in his long argument to persuade her that to buy back her dog from the London dog-stealer is to encourage crime; though her woman's response that he would buy *her* back from Italian brigands if she were in their power he finds it difficult to answer. Her woman's wit sums up the case beautifully:

> You agree that you would not, after all, leave me to the banditti—and I, *exactly on the same ground*, will not leave Flush. It seems to me that you and I are *at one* upon the whole question—only that *I* am *your* Flush, and *he* is mine. You, if you were "consistent" . . . dearest! . . . would not redeem me on any account.

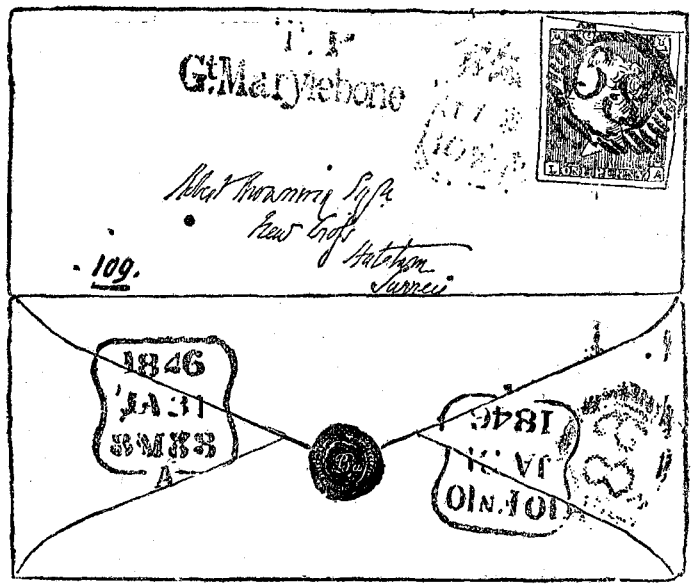
It is interesting, too, to note his distinction between her writing and his, which, if allowance be made for the fact that it is a lover's judgment, is really discriminating: "You speak out, *you*—I only make men and women speak." That is true; it is always difficult to deduce Robert Browning's own opinions from his poetry, since no poet since Shakespeare has ever so thoroughly thrown himself into his characters as has he. So is he hypnotized by his own imagination that he does not always know himself whether he or his character is speaking. On the contrary, in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" there is absolutely no characterization; Aurora and Romney talk in precisely the same fashion, giving expression to the same sentiments in the same form; in truth, neither says anything, but Mrs. Browning talks, and calls herself sometimes by one name and sometimes by the other. Mr. Browning is apparently unconscious of his own deficiency of poetic form, or, if conscious of it, regards it lightly as one so easily cured that it is not worth while to cure it:

> One should study the mechanical part of the art, as nearly all that there is to be studied—for the more one sits and thinks over the creative process, the more it confirms itself as "inspiration," nothing more nor less. . . . I can tell anybody how to make melodious verses—let him do it therefore—it should be exacted of all writers.

It is a pity he had not exacted melody more insistently of himself.

The psychology of poetry-making has some light thrown upon it by these letters. Both poets believe that poetry is, in the inception, an "inspiration." "The more one sits and thinks over the creative process, the more it confirms itself as 'inspiration,' nothing more or less," he wrote her. And she replies, elaborating this thought more fully. The elaboration is worth quoting in full, as conveying, so far as it can be conveyed at all, the receptive quality of true creative genius, so called:

> Yes, I quite believe, as you do, that what is called the "creative process" in works of Art is just inspiration and no less—which made somebody say to me not long since: "And so you think that Shakespeare's 'Othello' was of the effluence of the Holy Ghost?"—rather a startling deduction, . . . only not quite as final as might appear to somebodies perhaps. At least it does not prevent my going on to agree with the saying of *Spiridion*, . . . do you remember? . . . "Tout ce que l'homme appelle inspiration, je l'appelle aussi révélation,' . . . if there is not something too self-evident in it after all—



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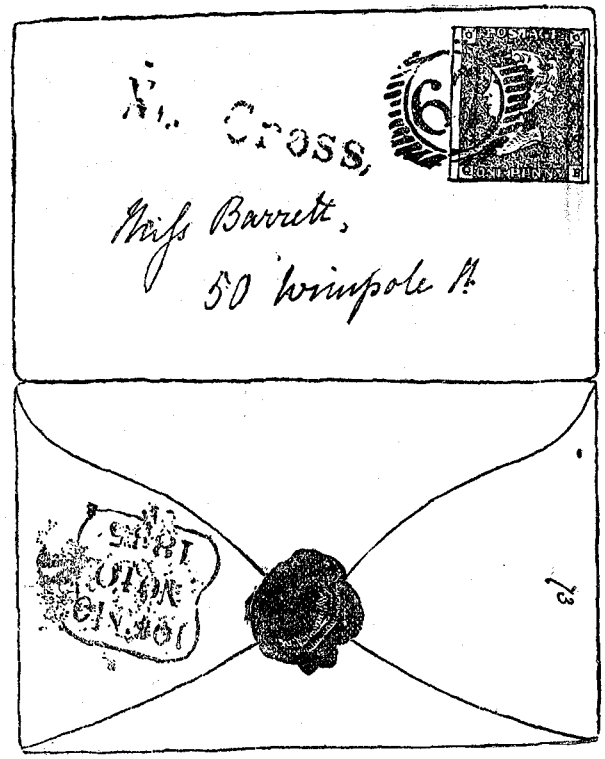
my sole objection! And is it not true that your inability to analyze the mental process in question is one of the proofs of the fact of inspiration?—as the gods were known of old by not being seen to move their feet—coming and going in an equal sweep of radiance. And still more wonderful than the first transient great light you speak of, . . . and far beyond any work of reflection, except in the pure analytical sense in which you use the word, . . . appears that gathering of light on light upon particular points, as you go (in composition) step by step, till you get intimately near to things, and see them in a fullness and clearness, and an intense trust in the truth of them which you have not in any sunshine of noon (called *real!*), but which you have *then* . . . and struggle to communicate: an ineffectual struggle with most writers (oh, how ineffectual!), and, when effectual, issuing in the "Pippa Passes" and other masterpieces of the world.



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But this does not excuse hard work. She gives a hint of her method and the hard work it involves:

One may be laborious as a writer without copying twelve times over. I believe there are people who will tell you in a moment what twelve times six is, without "doing it" on their fingers; and in the same way one may work one's verses in one's head quite as laboriously as on paper—I maintain it. I consider myself a very patient, laborious writer—though dear Mr. Kenyon laughs me to scorn when I say so.

And Mr. Browning is equally explicit as to the work he puts into his verse:

I have no pleasure in writing myself—none, in the mere act—though all pleasure in the sense of fulfilling a duty, whence, if I have done my real best, judge how heartbreaking a matter must it be to be pronounced a poor creature by critic this and acquaintance the other. . . . I don't know why—my heart sinks whenever I open this desk, and rises when I shut it.

We have left no room for any description or characterization of Mrs. Browning's letters, and, indeed, there would be no possibility of either without taking a great deal of room. Their life cannot be extracted and distilled in a paragraph. All that could be done would be to make quotations; and these taken from their connection would be like an arm taken from a Greek statue—only a hint of the artistic beauty which it were vandalism to mutilate for such a purpose. But we may be pardoned if we pick out three sentences from different letters of self-characterization, as a means of inciting our readers to desire more and to find it in the volumes. Here is her self-portrait, from one of her first letters:

Headlong I was at first and headlong I continue—precipitously rushing forward through all manner of nettles and briars instead of keeping the path; guessing at the meaning of unknown words instead of looking into the dictionary—tearing open letters and never untying a string—and expecting everything to be done in a minute, and the thunder to be as quick as the lightning.

Yet it would be quite unjust to take this portrait of Miss Headlong without adding a very different portrait, self-painted also, written a little later:

I am not desponding by nature, and, after a course of bitter mental discipline and long bodily seclusion, I come out with two learnt lessons (as I sometimes say and oftener feel)—the wisdom of cheerfulness and the duty of social intercourse. Anguish has instructed me in joy, and solitude in society; it has been a wholesome and not unnatural reaction.

And to these one other hint should be added, taken from a letter written just

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before the elopement, in which there is profound philosophy as well as suggestive self-portraiture:

> Nobody's case is desperate when the will is not at fault. And a woman's will, when she wills thoroughly, as I hope you do, is strong enough to overcome. When I hear people say that *circumstances are against them*, I always retort, . . . you mean *that your* will is not with you! I believe in the will—I have faith in it.

The publication of these letters has been severely condemned. We do not defend it. Much depends on the question whether the publication was assented to by Mr. Browning before his death. This at least may be said—in extenuation if it be extenuation—that no one's reputation, except perhaps that of Mr. Barrett, will be injured by the publication; that the reputation of the writers will be enhanced, not impaired; that those who have enjoyed the poetry of Mr. and Mrs. Browning will rejoice in the possession of such a mental photograph of the two poets; that students of psychology will find in these letters interesting material for a study of life; that students of poetry will find in them some side-lights thrown not so much on the methods of producing poetry as on the spirit out of which poetry comes forth; and that true lovers will delight in them as a manifestation of true love—a manifestation such as history has never and fiction has rarely if ever paralleled.

AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

V.

The Negro as a Citizen

The gain of freedom

That the negroes have gained under freedom has never been doubted by the most competent witnesses—the negroes themselves. To them, as to us, freedom is a priceless possession, and no material gains could compensate its loss. This the negroes have felt from the beginning, and the intensity with which they have felt it is the supreme evidence of their manhood. Some of the stories told me to illustrate their intellectual and even moral blindness simply showed that they had the same feeling respecting freedom that we would have. This was particularly true of the stories of their devotion to the Republican party—a devotion I have long since ceased to share. In the days when the misrule of the carpetbaggers and the negro politician was at its worst, no amount of evidence of corruption weighed for an instant at election time against the fact that these officeholders belonged to the Republican party—"the party that gave you your freedom and wishes to maintain it." The Southerners who were the kindest to their old slaves, and received from them the most touching proofs of their devotion, could never by any means persuade them to vote the Democratic ticket. One warm-hearted Alabamian, for example, told me that one of his friends who had helped an old negro in serious trouble had answered the negro's expressions of infinite devotion by saying that the only return he wanted was that the negro should vote with him at the next election. The negro promised faithfully to do it, and when election day came walked with his benefactor a few blocks toward the polling-place. But the negro's face grew steadily more dejected and his steps more halting, until finally, when they came within sight of the booth, the negro stopped and said: "I just can't go with you into that place. I will do anything else for you in the world, but I just can't vote your ticket." Indifference to personal obligations, indifference to repeated pledges, indifference

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to the character and culture of the candidates, may all be said to have been involved in this refusal; but there was also loyalty, inflexible, unbribable loyalty, to the party that had given him what his manhood declared to be the dearest thing in the world—liberty. Had he not felt as he did, he would have been less of a man.

The gains from freedom

But the inestimable gain of freedom to the negro need not, perhaps, be discussed with any one who even professes to believe in human brotherhood. The debatable question is how far this gain of the prime essential of manhood has borne fruit in material, intellectual, and moral well-being. Upon this question the testimony of whites as well as negroes is of value, and it must be recognized that perhaps a majority of the whites still return a pessimistic answer. But if the question be narrowed down to the tangible signs of material and intellectual improvement, the answers of the whites who know conditions at first hand everywhere show a vast advance since the days of slavery. As regards material comfort there may have been doubt during the first decade after the war, but none whatever now remains. Even on the great Louisiana sugar plantation which I visited, where the planter felt that he could not permit any cutting up of his estate to make home ownership possible, he none the less recognized with pleasure the superiority of the three or four room cabins he now provided to the one-room huts of slavery days. In a neighboring village where some of his hands lived—especially the hands employed during the busy season—there were several good houses owned by negroes. In this village I was driven about by a negro "justice" who seemed to earn his living by acting as pension and insurance agent. Some of the houses he showed me had been bought by back-pension money—the first good fruits I had ever seen of these payments—but others were the results of patient toil and thrift. There was one church also that had been the result of just such self-denial, having been built by a nonconforming religious enthusiast, who with his own hands supported himself in his ministry to his little congregation, and was looked up to as such a minister always is. In the cotton district (where the small farms that are next to impossible in the sugar industry are more advantageous than large farms) the progress of the negro had been still more marked. It is true that at Uniontown, in the heart of the black belt, the secretary of the school board, when angrily denying that the school system discriminated against the negro, assured me that hardly one negro in ten paid even poll taxes. But when I visited a great cotton plantation a few miles away, where the planter kept a close but friendly oversight over a large number of tenants, I was told that not only did nearly all the negro men pay poll taxes, but that a majority owned mules, and a large minority horses and buggies. As neighboring plantations were broken up because of the listless management of owners who preferred to live in town, some of the negroes were gradually acquiring land. "If they were thrifty," said my host, "they would soon own the county." "If so many of them didn't need a boss," said his son, "we white men would have a hard time of it." The need of bosses, my host remarked, was less now than in former years. Just after the war, he went on, great religious revivals seemed to be constantly going on, and the negroes neglected their crops to attend them. Now the "protracted meetings" were held only when the crops were laid by. Not only did the negroes nowadays make better tenants than they used to, but he was surer to get his rent from them than from white tenants. The progress, it is true, had not been uninterrupted, and the low prices of the last five or six years had reduced many tenant farmers to mere wage-earners—mule, cow, and plow being sold to pay their debts. But even these wage-earners were incomparably better off than the old slaves, while the position of many of the tenant farmers was but little behind that of independent farm owners.

The negro as a taxpayer

While in the black belt, I had no opportunity to verify my host's generalization about the negro as a taxpayer. But when in Atlanta, where the tax records for the whole State of Georgia are kept at the capitol, I found that his neighborhood presented in miniature the rural portions of the whole cotton belt. In most of the rural counties in Georgia the number of negroes paying the poll tax of $1 is nearly

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four-fifths the number of families, while of those who pay the poll taxes two-thirds are also taxed upon stock, and one-fifth upon farms or town real estate. It is true that the assessments are usually small. But, small as the assessments usually are —the average being barely $100 of taxable property for each negro family—it represents an immeasurable gain from the days when the negroes were themselves property. They own but four per cent. of the wealth in districts where they have half the population, but it may be recalled that half of the white people of this country own less than four per cent. of the wealth. If poverty justifies contempt, the contempt cannot follow race lines. The most thrifty third of the negroes already ranks above the most thriftless third of the whites.

Furniture and dress

But the gains of the negro in property are much less than their gains in the material comforts that make for self-respect. Not only are their houses better in the number of rooms, but still more are they better in their furnishings. The gain here is so apparent that no one will deny it. Cynicism is more likely to take refuge in the assertion that a childlike love of ornament has led to extravagance in the matter of household furniture. Fully one family in ten has a parlor organ, to say nothing of fiddles, banjos, and accordions. Anglo-Saxon families equally poor would have fewer pictures. Most of the furnishing may be gaudy, but no one who has tried to buy at cheap stores in New York will hold the negro entirely responsible, or say that his taste in this regard is exceptional. As to dress, I was surprised at the good taste frequently shown. One of the best-dressed women I saw in the South was a young negro mechanic's wife who was buying Japanese matting while I was talking with a storekeeper in Jonesboro'. In her case face and manners were refined, and I was glad to see that the storekeeper, whether from a commercial or a gentlemanly instinct, showed her all the courtesy which any woman should expect. On the sugar and cotton plantations the workaday clothes I saw were as cheap as could be imagined, but they were not as disreputable or immodest as I have frequently seen in the immigrant quarters in New York. My host told me that all the clothing for the women of his own family was cut out by a young negro woman from the fields, who had rare taste and judgment as a dressmaker. At Tuscaloosa on Sunday the dresses of the negro girls presented an extremely bright picture, and showed that the ability to dress well with little means was a gift of the race. Of course the cast-off finery of mistresses contributed much to the splendor of some of the costumes, but as Jane Addams, of Hull House, has pointed out, the desire to dress as well as social superiors is in part an instinct of democracy, and its achievement makes for self respect. In the case of the negro what ever ministers to self-respect is particularly wholesome. A little girl friend of mine, who cried because the clerks in a store had kissed her, and when asked why she let them, replied, "How could I help it, in this old dress?" illustrates for every circle the close relationship between good clothes and personal dignity.

The gains from school and church

When we come now to the mental and moral gains of the negro under freedom, we enter the field in which everything depends upon the sympathies of the investigator. Had I gone to the South with the ordinary reverence for the upper classes and the ordinary irreverence for the poor, I should have returned contemptuous of negro progress except along material lines. But I had long ago learned that the upper classes only faintly feel the sense of brotherhood toward the poor of their own race even, and when members of this class at the South spoke with contempt of the manhood of the negro, it weighed little more with me than the contempt of the same class for negro emancipation a generation ago. It is universally admitted that the negroes make greater sacrifices for the education of their children than the whites, and that their devotion to their churches is at least as great. The difference of opinion only comes as to the benefits which education confers upon the negroes and the ennobling effect of their religious faith and experience. For my own part, I do not believe in the regenerating power of intellectual education, whether for whites or blacks; but the gains that come to the negroes seem to me as marked as those which come to the whites. Indeed, they seem more marked,

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for the self-respect which education gives to the negro, and that "spoils them as servants" in the eyes of those whose hearts go back to slavery, is to my mind the best feature of negro education—for the fundamental fault of the negroes is not self-assertion, but servility. Their education Americanizes them, and if it makes poorer menial servants of them, it is because servants grow better as the degradation of the poor increases—being worst in America, bad in England, good in Continental Europe, and perfection in the Orient.

As to the influence of the negro churches I was hardly more in doubt. Upon this point my knowledge is chiefly at second hand. I had, however, both in their churches and out of them, first-hand evidence of the genuineness of their faith, and, despite all the inconsistencies we see and experience, I am sure of the transforming influence of such faith. A single incident—trivial, no doubt—may serve to illustrate the nearness and reality of the unseen world in the minds of these people. In a little town in Louisiana I was talking with a group of negro women about the wrongs of their race, when a young girl of eighteen came running toward me, with arms outstretched, crying, "I'se coming to you, I'se coming to you, Master!" Not comprehending the situation, I told her, in some alarm, to stand away, and was relieved to see that she obeyed. The poor girl, I soon learned, thought that I was Jesus, whose second coming she was awaiting, and her disappointment when she learned her mistake was as great as my own embarrassment. She was not, of course, in her right mind; but the form of her illusion, and the way in which her friends regarded it, were unmistakable signs of the vividness of the religious faith of the community. Everywhere the church was the center of the negro life, the minister was the leader, and the sacrifices made for the support of the churches and the ministers were possible only as the outcome of deep and genuine religious feeling. The scorn with which white people who had no spiritual experience of their own spoke of the negro revivals simply recalled to me the scorn of the upper classes for the religious emotions of the members of my own Church in its earlier and better days. I was glad to find that the best Christian man I knew at the South, and perhaps the best I ever knew anywhere, General Johnston, of Alabama, did not question the genuineness or even the exaltation of the religious experiences of the best negroes he knew. It was unmistakable, he said, from the words they used in speaking of their peace and joy. That their lives were not always in accord with their highest emotions furnished not the slightest proof of insincerity. No one who has read the Psalms needs to be convinced of this.

Negro morality

Nevertheless, it must be recognized that the lives of the negroes were even more inconsistent with their religious professions than the lives of the whites. This was inevitable for a people whose wills were undisciplined and whose conduct was not fettered by social conventions and by the esteem of those about them. Even here, however, the showing made by the negroes was not all dark. As regards intemperance, I found, to my surprise, that, while there were relatively few total abstainers among the negroes, as compared with their white neighbors, and relatively few who voted for "no license" in the county elections, there were also relatively few drunkards. Upon this point there is no question whatever. Even in Uniontown, in the heart of the black belt in Alabama, where the negro population exceeded the white three to one, white people assured me that Saturday nights saw more drunken white men than drunken negroes. The brawls among the negroes, which resulted in frequent shootings, seemed to come almost exclusively from quarrels at gambling. Gambling, apart from licentiousness, seemed to be the pre-eminent vice of the negro. "A negro," I was graphically told in one of those loose generalizations, or rather universalizations, so common respecting him, "will gamble the shirt off his back." Against this vice the negro churches had set their faces, and I could not help thinking that, in preaching against "crap-shooting" or dice-throwing (as also perhaps in preaching against dancing) more than they preached against drinking, their ministers showed their sense of the great moral dangers to their race. In their virtues as in their vices the negroes resemble the southern races of Europe,

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among whom intemperance is relatively a lesser evil.

The darkest side of negro character was the frequency of licentiousness. Upon this subject the testimony of the whites—with the exception of a Northern missionary—was unanimous and gloomy in the extreme. Furthermore, the testimony of the negroes was largely confirmatory. In a negro store in Uniontown I had quite a frank conversation upon this matter with a group of men, one of whom was the school-teacher in a neighboring district. They asserted—and I believed them—that the charges of the whites were grossly unfair, and they pointed out that the whites, not only in slavery times but since, had been responsible for much of the immorality; but they admitted, with shame, that frequently negro girls were proud of illicit relations with white men, because it seemed to show that they were sought out by those above them. The very next day the driver who brought me in from a neighboring plantation illustrated the laxity of the moral sentiment of his people against this vice. He was telling me with pride about the success of his sons. His oldest boy, he said, was a dentist in Chicago; his second boy was a cook getting forty dollars a month wages; and his third boy, who was a porter, owned two lots in Uniontown. "How old is your youngest boy?" I asked. "Oh, he's just a boy yet—about twenty." "How did he get ahead so much?" I asked. "Oh, he married a girl that had two children by a white man." The old negro was a little ashamed of this explanation, but not enough to remove the certainty that neither the girl nor her husband had seriously lost caste by the relationship. The whole situation would have seemed next to hopeless had I not recalled the fact that conditions are still somewhat similar in Continental Europe, and that a century ago "society" regarded in the same way illicit relationships with royalty. When we consider even the past of the Anglo-Saxon race, as revealed in the literature of two centuries ago, there is no reason for race scorn. Sexual immorality is unquestionably the worst feature of negro life, but already there has been progress in the matter of illegitimate children, and the fact that the conscience, the growing self-respect, and the increasing financial independence of the race are all working against the perpetuation of disgraceful conditions makes it hopeful that social purity among the negroes will in another generation or two reach the European level. So long, however, as an exalted caste lives side by side with a degraded one, a thoroughly healthful social morality cannot be secured for either.

Political losses

The complete breaking down of caste is essential to a sound social system, and of this I saw but few hopeful signs. In the political field the prospects were much worse than when I visited Georgia five years before. At that time the rise of the Populist party, and its saturation, in Georgia at least, with "Tom" Watson's enthusiasm for the elevation of the poor, seemed almost to have secured the recognition of the manhood of all manly negroes. Even the Democratic leaders, in order to prevent the stampede of the negroes toward the party already dominant among the middle-class whites, were obliged to secure the support of negro speakers, and themselves appeared on the same platform with their black colleagues. The color line seemed to have broken down, and the time seemed near at hand when all the political rights of the negro, and all the rights that could be secured through political action, would be granted him. A similar change had taken place in Alabama, though there the "Jeffersonian Democrats" were perhaps less imbued with the spirit of humanity than the Georgia Populists, and were less successful in securing negro votes. It will be recalled that the Jeffersonian Democrats, in alliance with the Populists and with what remained of the Republican organization, carried the great body of the white counties against the regular Democracy, and were defeated only by overwhelming Democratic majorities in the black belt. Until my present visit I supposed that these majorities were the result of ballot-box frauds; but I found, on the testimony of negroes as well as whites, that the mass of the negroes had actually voted the Democratic ticket. The reasons for this were significant, and are perhaps prophetic of the future, if negro suffrage is retained. The poorer whites, as a rule, were Jeffersonian Democrats, and between the poorer whites and the negroes there

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were few ties, and often a hostility increased by industrial competition. The rich whites, on the contrary, who remained regular Democrats almost to a man, were the employers, landlords, and patrons of the negroes. In every country, under normal conditions, the rich control the votes of the dependent poor, and the division of the white vote in Alabama made conditions there for the first time normal. The result was a conservative party made up in the normal way of the very rich and the very poor—the aristocrats and the negroes—opposed by a progressive party whose strength was in the independent middle classes. Had the Populist party continued to grow—or not grown so rapidly—the political rights of the negroes would to-day be secure. But the capture of the Democratic organization by the Populistic elements brought back within the Democratic fold a large part of the independents, and took the heart out of the independent movement. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that broad and clear-eyed Populist statesmen at the South, such as Mr. Watson, actually deplored the triumph of so many of their principles in the Chicago platform. This triumph meant the defeat in their section of the party which was filled with enthusiasm for the elevation of the poor.

The methods of disfranchisement

At the present time the independent movements have gone to pieces, and the regular Democracy has no opposition worthy of the name. This situation at the South, combined with the subsidence at the North of the old Republican enthusiasm for the equal rights of the colored race, have made the present time one of peculiar peril to the political privileges which the war gave the negro. The movement for disfranchisement, it will be recalled, was begun in Mississippi. The Mississippi provision merely restricts the suffrage to taxpayers who understand the Constitution when it is read to them; but my host in Louisiana illustrated its workings by a story which I would fain reproduce, not only stenographically, but phonographically. It was about an uncommonly bright negro over in Mississippi who was determined to vote, and studied the Constitution thoroughly before applying for his papers. He brought his tax receipts with him, and they were all properly made out. Then came the questioning to determine whether he "understood" the Constitution. "What are the provisions of *Magna Charta*," began the judge, "incorporated in the fundamental law of Mississippi?" The darkey stood blank for a moment, and then answered in despair, "I dunno, judge, unless it is that no colored person shall vote in this State." "That's right," exclaimed the judge, handing him his papers; "you are the first nigger that has answered it."

In Louisiana and South Carolina the constitutional provisions for the disfranchisement of negroes are more obviously unfair than those of Mississippi; and North Carolina is soon to vote on the adoption of Louisiana's provision explicitly disfranchising illiterates of the race enfranchised by the Fifteenth Amendment. In other States (as in these States prior to the adoption of these provisions) the law already limits negro suffrage by disfranchising those who cannot show their tax receipts, who have changed their residences within a period unreasonably long, or who have done or neglected other things which negroes are peculiarly likely to do or neglect. By these means, as well as by the discouragement to negro voting caused by ballot-box frauds on the part of the Democrats, and carpetbag rascality on the part of the Republicans, the political influence of the negroes has been reduced almost to nothingness, except in the States where there is a powerful body of white Republicans. If North Carolina, where there is such a body of white Republicans, shall adopt the pending amendment, negro suffrage south of Mason and Dixon's line is practically doomed for a generation. The question, therefore, is, Will this loss of suffrage prove a curse?

The results of disfranchisement

Most visitors, and particularly those who believe, as I do, that the Southern Democrats represent the interests of the agricultural classes, black as well as white, in their demands respecting the tariff, the income tax, the currency, and all the other recent questions of National politics, will answer that negro disfranchisement will prove a blessing. My own view, however, is emphatically the reverse, and upon this point what I saw in the South confirmed my previous judgment. The danger of "negro domina-

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tion" is the sheerest bogy that class scorn could invent. The fundamental fault of the negro—inbred by generations of slavery—is not arrogance but servility. Where the white people treat him as a fellow-man—and often when they are merely kind without recognizing his manhood—the negro is ready to do their bidding. To make certain the ignoring of negro sentiment, instead of its conciliation, is simply to postpone the respectful treatment of a race whose manhood and womanhood have been debased by contempt. The treatment of the negro as a man is the very corner-stone for the elevation of his manhood, and there is no gain that could come to him from a juster industrial policy in National affairs that could compensate for the lessened recognition of his manhood. As Lowell said in the Biglow Papers, where Uncle Sam tells John Bull the faith on which the anti-slavery movement rested:

> The surest plan to make a man
> Is, think him so, J. B.,
> As much as you and me.

The suffrage and education

But the gain that has come to the negro from the suffrage is not merely in the recognition of his manhood, both by himself and by others; the suffrage has been the powerful stimulus to his intellectual advancement. That political responsibility educates cannot be questioned by any one who has compared our own working people with the apathetic drudges of countries ruled by the upper classes. But the negro is not only educated by his possession of political power, but this possession has been the chief incentive and support of the schooling that has been given him. It is not in England alone that popular education has received its greatest impetus from the recognition of the conservative classes that they "must educate their masters." In this country also the negro's possession of political power has made essential the sacrifices of the whites to educate him. The South deserves great credit for the generous support it has given to negro schools, but it is no discredit to the South to say that no such support would have been given had it not been for negro enfranchisement; and it is inevitable that the adoption of constitutional amendments disfranchising the negro so long as he is illiterate will cut at the roots of the white demand for negro education. As I write this, I have at hand a tract published last year by a Louisiana educator, showing that already the loss of political power by the negro has resulted in discriminations against negro schools. In 1884, says this tract, citing the State school reports, the average monthly payment of white teachers in Louisiana was $31, and that of negro teachers $29. In 1895 the average payment of white school-teachers had risen to $35, while that of negro teachers had fallen to $25. Meanwhile the school year, formerly five months for both whites and blacks, had been increased half a month for the whites, and cut down half a month for the blacks. While I was in Louisiana I heard of just such discriminations in a talk I had with some negroes; and when I went to the black belt in Alabama, and looked into the matter with some care, I found that whites as well as negroes confirmed the fact of the discrimination.

Discriminations against negro schools

Here again, however, the support of the negro testimony came only from the whites who knew about the situation at first hand. On my way to Uniontown, my traveling companion in the train was a lawyer of high standing, who told me with obvious truthfulness that the law made exactly the same provision for the education of both whites and blacks. So proud was he of the situation that I expected to write with some enthusiasm of the justice and generosity of the town school system. But when I spoke of the matter to the men in the negro store—one of whom, it will be recalled, was a school-teacher from a neighboring district—I was promptly told that the white schools, both town and country, were kept open half again as long as the colored. I remarked that I was about to call on the secretary of the school board to get his view of the situation, but this prospect did not call forth any serious modification in their statements. They were ready to have the matter referred to the school official, though they did not care to be quoted. When I called on the school official, his answer to my first question was: "Exactly the same provisions for both races. The State of Alabama makes no distinction." But, I remarked, some negroes have just

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told me that their school closes a good deal earlier than the white schools. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but they are all run the same number of months with public money. The white schools are kept open three months longer as pay schools—at $4, $6, and $8 a term." "Are the poorer white scholars withdrawn when the pay term begins?" I asked. "Oh, no," he replied; "there is always money enough contributed so that we don't have to ask the poorer scholars for anything."

This official was positively indignant with me because I still felt that there was discrimination against the negro. "Don't the white people," he demanded, "pay all the taxes?" To this I could only reply that in some of our Northern cities the immigrants paid hardly any taxes, but that we should feel that there was discrimination if we closed their schools three months earlier than we did our own. "But these negroes," he replied, "just don't pay anything. . . . Nine-tenths of them don't even pay their poll taxes." This last statement, I soon learned, was altogether—inaccurate. Even the few propertyless negroes who failed to pay poll taxes were compelled to work out a road tax, which in Uniontown amounted to ten days a year for all who were unable to pay $5 in cash. But the injustice of negro taxes—almost irremediable if the negroes are deprived of the suffrage—is not now the matter in point. To this school official the idea of education as a human right, which the State ought especially to provide for the poor, was completely accepted in the case of the whites, but completely rejected in the case of the blacks. To his parting remark, "If you lived here, you would think as I do," I had no reply. Apparently he represented the sentiment of his community.

I did not again allow myself to discuss the equal educational rights of the negro, but my subsequent observation only made more clear the discriminations against him. A negro teacher, I afterwards learned, was paid $35 a month for a school of the same grade in which a white teacher was paid $45. Here the difference in wages perhaps corresponded to the difference in the teaching, and there was no obvious injustice. But the superior white teacher was only expected to look after twenty-five scholars, while the inferior negro teacher was compelled to look after fifty scholars! Recent examinations of Southern school reports have proven that this district was almost typical. Wherever the negroes are denied equal political rights, they are also denied equal educational rights. Disfranchisement means injustice all along the line.

But, it will be asked, cannot the charity of the whites be trusted to defend the blacks if they are made unable to defend themselves? My answer to this is, No; and I speak without sectional feeling. The whites of the South—the purest Anglo-Saxons in this country—seemed to me, among themselves, more democratic than the whites of the North. The doctrine that "a man's a man for a' that" is not only proclaimed on the stump, but felt by the people. But this feeling, whether political or religious, does not extend toward the negro. There has been an immense gain since slavery days; and even then, as one fine old lady told me of herself, there were always many who prayed that some day the negro might be free. There is not now the slightest desire for the restoration of old conditions, and even those who do not yet feel a moral horror of property in a fellow-man recognize to the full Henry A. Wise's old maxim that "black slaves made white slaves." But all this marvelous gain has not obliterated the race feeling which alone made slavery possible; and if charity could not a generation ago be trusted to restore to the blacks their elementary rights, still less can it be trusted to-day to give them their higher rights.

The Southern feeling toward the negro

There is here no occasion for self-righteousness on the part of the North. The white people of the South feel just as we would feel were we in their places. But if our duty ended when we put ourselves in the places of the Southern whites, we ought, from the beginning, to have accepted their attitude toward the negro. Our duty now, as much as a generation ago, demands that we should also put ourselves in the places of the Southern negroes, and when we do this we are bound to protest against the movement to despoil them of the most ennobling privilege conferred by our fathers' struggle for human liberty. Putting ourselves in the places of the whites must rid us of self-righteousness for our

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section; but putting ourselves in the places of the negroes must rid us of self-righteousness for our race. There are, indeed—and there always were—evidences of rare kindness toward the negro. But to those who realize that the giving all of our goods to feed the poor, without respect for them, profiteth nothing, this kindness toward the negro promises nothing in the development of his manhood. There are, it is true, an increasing number of Southern men who respect the negro's manhood, and are ready to treat him as a man and a brother. At Tuscaloosa, Alabama, I learned of white men who taught negroes in a theological seminary, and of one who had gone as a missionary to Africa. These teachers, too, were treated with courtesy by the more religious members of their church, and only the more fashionable looked askance at them. But, in general, anything that looked toward the treatment of any negro as the equal of any white was regarded with fierce intolerance. Two illustrations in particular recur to me. One was in a railroad car, where my seat companion was talking of the "Jim Crow" car law. "We are willing to treat the negro well, if he keeps his place," he said, "but we won't have them ride in the same car with us." "What would you do if one came in?" I asked. "We would have the conductor tell him to get back where he belonged, and if he didn't move mighty lively, we would slam him out. Last year I helped dispose of a man of that kind, and we handled him pretty rough." "But," I remarked, looking across the aisle, "there is a negro woman over there. Nobody seems to object to her." "Oh," he explained, "she's just a nurse. Nobody minds that." "In other words," I said, "if a negro, no matter how low, comes in as a servant, you are ready to sit next to her; but if an educated negro comes in as an equal, you will mob him." "Yes," he replied, without any sign of feeling, "that's about the size of it. We won't have negroes putting on airs."

This man was not especially fine in his fiber, and his view might be thought to represent that of the rougher element. But the other incident I shall relate is of a manufacturer of the finer type, morally and religiously. He was speaking to me of the principal and teachers of Scotia Seminary, the Northern Presbyterian school for colored girls in his town of Concord, N. C. I had just been visiting the school, and had been tremendously impressed with the work it was doing for the elevation of the negro girls who attended it. I asked the manufacturer how the teachers were received in the town. "Oh," he replied, "they are not disturbed any—but nobody ever calls on them." "But the President," I said, "spoke of preaching in one of the town churches." "Yes," he replied, "we think very well of him. Sometimes he has been invited out when Northern capitalists have been visiting here; but his wife never was, nor any of the women teachers." "Why not?" I asked. "Well, it's the way they treat the colored girls." "How?" I asked. "Oh, they go around with them just as they would with white girls." "They are refined women, aren't they?" "Yes, I presume so, but I wouldn't have a sister of mine associate with any woman who associated with negro girls as they do." It was clear, from the way he said it, that any woman who refused to join in ostracizing these teachers would herself be ostracized. "You wouldn't like it," he continued, turning the argument against me, "to be associating with negroes all day long, and making friends with them?" "I might not like it," I replied, "but I certainly have the highest regard for the people who are willing to do it. It seems to me they are doing just what Christianity demands—treating others as they themselves would wish to be treated. In fact, I don't see how Christ's words permit anything else." Fortunately, the manufacturer was too religious a man to speak lightly of Christ's words, and too free from casuistry to explain them away from their natural meaning. His frank reply was, "We don't apply our Christianity in just that way."

Applied Christianity

This man expressed the truth of the situation. Neither the principles of democracy regarding equal rights nor those of Christianity regarding brotherhood are felt to apply by the Southern people to their treatment of the negroes. This does not mean that they are less sincere than the people of the North in their devotion to these principles. In fact, to-day, Southern Democrats are rebuking Northern Republicans for

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refusing to apply these principles to the Filipinos; and certainly Northern Christians who believe that there are intellectual difficulties in the way of treating Filipinos as Anglo-Saxons would wish to be treated, ought of all men to recognize the sincerity of Southern Christians who believe there are intellectual difficulties in the way of treating negroes as Anglo-Saxons would wish to be treated. Nevertheless, all that I saw in the South confirmed my belief that only through faith in the simplest application of the principles of democracy and Christianity was the further elevation of the negro race to be achieved. The most hopeful work I saw anywhere was in Scotia Seminary, where the teachers showed such sublime devotion to the principle of human sisterhood—faith deepening into feeling. The school seemed to me narrow in its curriculum. But I felt that were I a negro I should be glad to study the classics, where this study was considered the privilege of the higher race. In education the spirit is everything, and in this school the spirit was the recognition of the higher powers of the negro; and as I watched the young women in the corridors, and as they came into the president's office, I felt that they had been almost transformed by the ennobling atmosphere in which they lived. What will be their future I do not know, though the president spoke with enthusiasm of the lives of the graduates in the past. But as to the present refinement of these young women there could be no question. In no school that I have ever seen will $45—the price of a year's tuition, room, and board—go so far in securing the moral and spiritual as well as the intellectual advancement of the scholars who attend it.

The dominant forces

Work of the highest order, like this, however, is rare, though in the end I believe the spirit of this school will be recognized to be the spirit of Christianity. In fact, hopeful signs of any sort are rare, save the signs of the progress already made. As to the future of the negro problem, I cannot formulate views of which I myself am confident, to say nothing of persuading others of their justice. Individual features of the situation impressed themselves upon me with great vividness; but these features often seemed manifestations of conflicting forces whose resultant I am in no wise able to estimate. There were many things—such as the increasing morality of both races, the increasing independence of negro farmers, the increasing unwillingness of negroes to accept patronage, and the readiness of the whites to make sacrifices rather than subject white labor to negro competition—there were many such things that seemed to promise the wider and wider separation of the two races. On the other hand, in the industrial world, which I especially examined, there were many things which seemed to promise the harmonious working of the two races side by side. Two of these are worthy of mention. In the first place, the struggle to exclude the negroes from different occupations is a losing one. The interests of the richer whites are opposed to it, and, as the old aristocracy of birth gives place to the new aristocracy of wealth, the wealthy class will less and less allow its employment of cheap labor to be hampered by the race sentiment of the poorer whites. Even in the cotton industry—perhaps the last to hold out—the signs multiply that a few more years will find white capital employing negro labor. The interests of capital do not recognize race lines. In the next place, when once an industry is invaded by negro laborers, the interests of labor do not recognize race lines. A few years ago, when I visited the South, it seemed as if the desire to exclude negro competition was the one thing that would force white laborers to organize. At this visit, both in Birmingham and Atlanta, I found that unions had been obliged to take in negroes in order to carry forward their work. The labor problem is bound to force its way to the front in the South as well as North, and the fact that the trades-unions have been compelled to treat the negro as a man and as a fellow means that the force that is working for industrial democracy is working to obliterate the contempt of the white for the manhood of the black. If, therefore, the present reaction to deprive the negro of his political rights can be resisted until the white vote again divides on economic issues, I believe that the dominant forces—industrial, political, educational, and religious—will continue to develop the manhood of the negro, and justify the faith of those who died for his emancipation.

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Midsummer in an Old Pasture

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

A GIANT MULLEIN

IT is the only old pasture left in our village. Back among the New England hills such pastures are common, but ours is a fertile valley region, and the farmers have been encroaching more and more on the half-waste grazing-grounds for two or three generations past. They either turn them into permanently cultivated fields, or keep them tamed with a plowing and a planting of corn or rye once in every four or five years. This periodical cultivation no doubt helps the feeding qualities, but it spoils the wildness and the beauty.

That this one old pasture has been left so wholly to nature is not due to any lack of thriftiness on the part of its owner, but to the fact that its surface presents unusual difficulties to the would-be tiller. Much of it is boggy and broken with hollows that have little brooks trickling through them, and a large part of the rest consists of a great shoulder of gravelly hill that has had all its surface fertility washed away. Many thickets of white birch grow on the hillside and flourish in spite of the unfavoring soil, but in the opens the turf is thinly grassed and even the weeds do not seem to prosper.

If one looks attentively, he will discover on the steep slope marks of ancient furrows, and if he makes inquiry he learns that a half-century or more ago a former owner plowed it and planted rye. But it was labor wasted. Only about one spear of grain to a square yard matured, and it was never harvested. Since then the land has been left to take care of itself, and if left alone a little longer it will be densely wooded. The trees show a marked tendency to return to all neglected land in New England. In the Old World, on the other hand, trees require fostering, and the pasturage left to itself lapses into a shrubby barren of furze and heather. With us, we keep the woodland from encroaching only by fighting. Let a field lie uncultivated and the seeds come wafting in on every breeze, and the birds and other little wild creatures lend their assistance, so that the tiny saplings begin to reach up through the grasses almost at once. The presence of a herd of cows is a deterrent, but it is not a sufficient one. The open spaces have a steady tendency to narrow, and the farmer's only resort is occasionally to cut back the brush with axes and scythes.

Only the lower levels receive any attention in the old pasture in our village, and these have not had a trimming for several seasons, as is proclaimed by the rank jungles of alders that have started up in the swampy hollows, and in the clumps of hardhack and the dense patches of ferns and fox-laurel scattered everywhere.

The verdure of a pasture of this sort is curiously irregular and varied. Everything grows in scraps and clumps. There is no continuous expansion of any particular growths, though you very likely can discern no reason for the straggling uncertainty. Above the pasture are woods clothing a steep mountain ridge, and the deep leaf-mold underneath shows that trees have followed trees there from the most ancient past. Most of them are chestnuts and maples, and one would naturally expect that when

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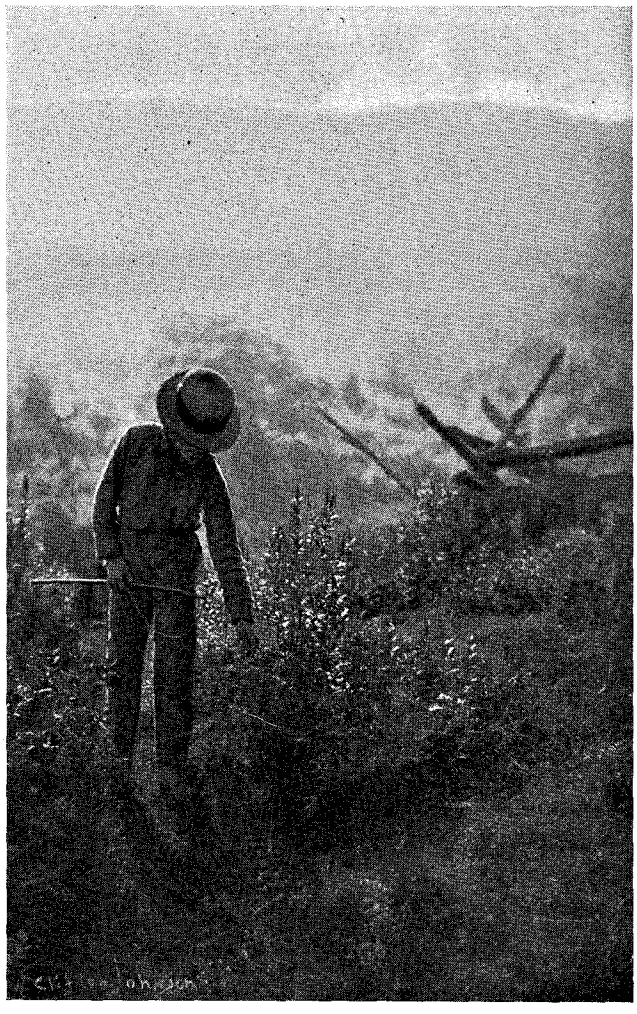
the old-time farmer deserted his rye-field on the weak-soiled hill, it would be the trees of the upper woodland that would take possession. Instead, a lot of alien pines and birches made the invasion. Even in their case it has not been a hand-in-hand conquest. The pines have kept to themselves and taken an acre in one corner, and gone no further, while the white birches run riot over all the space that is left.

The pines have grown in close phalanxes, and as soon as one steps among them he is in a twilight quiet, and his way is blocked by the criss-crossing of dead boughs with which every tree-trunk bristles. The winds do not penetrate these depths, and the earth is muffled with a carpet of brown needles. There are few opens among the pines, and in this they are quite unlike the birches, which have helter-skeltered down the slope in the most chancing fashion, leaving frequent glades of turf or spaces choked with low growth like sweetfern, hardhack, and blueberry-bushes. Why did not the birches take up all the land thoroughly as far as they went? The reason is there if one can find it; for Nature is not erratic. Her effort is always to move symmetrically; but she never succeeds in so doing for long together. The conditions encountered are too full of obstacles and accidents. Every individual in the vegetable kingdom is an illustration of this hampered development that strives unsuccessfully for regularity and uniformity. Each starts with a definite plan, and if a tree or plant was perfectly unhampered, all its leaves and branches on one side would be perfect counterparts of those on the other side. But from the very first it finds itself warped by its environment. The influence that is most powerful in turning aside the natural course of growth is light. The foliage all reaches sunward, and the parts that get the most light are most developed. This effect is seen very definitely if one will note the winter buds on a horse-chestnut sapling. The buds and twigs on the south side are decidedly larger and hardier than those on the north.

That the pasture birches in their onward march should find easier lodgment in some spots than in others was to be expected; that they should continue to be restrained here and there is due to chance protection afforded by the grazing of the cows, or to the masses of ferns, moss, and low shrubs that are in places too thick to give new seeds a footing. The pines probably made as desultory a beginning as the birches, but they cast such dense shadows and their needles made such a



AFTER THE COWS

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thick mat on the ground that soon all the undergrowth was killed, and they had complete possession.

The best place in the pasture to loiter for the view is on the borders of the great hill just below the birches. From there you look for miles across a valley to long lines of blue hills circling the distant horizon. A river winds lazily through the lowlands, and here and there you catch glimpses of dusty roadways, of villages, and far away you can see, amidst the tree-foliage, the roofs and spires of a large town. Everything is dwarfed from this distance, and the world seems very large, and man and all his works exceedingly small.

A wide, free overlook of landscape always carries an impression of stability and peace. It lulls one to drowsy contemplation; and all through the heats of summer, when I felt disposed to spend an hour or two in rambling and lounging, I went up the hillside to the old pasture. To most, the pasture would seem silent and deserted. Really it teems with life—at least life of the lesser sort. But the casual observer only sees the group of feeding cows, hears an occasional bird-song and the cawing of a flock of crows hovering about the mountain-top.

The way to see the pasture life is not so much to walk and search as to sit down somewhere and let it come to you. If you keep quiet, you become to the creatures of the region no more than an inanimate stump. Ants, bugs, and flies will look you over to discover your bulk and shape, and consider your eatability, and question whether they can use you to advantage for purposes of their own. An occasional investigating mosquito happens around. He scents blood, but he does not know just where to strike it, and he may probe about some time on your clothing before he finds your face or hands. A spider starts to spin his web on you. Now and then a bee comes zigzagging along the hillside seeking out the infrequent blossoms. From some leafy covert on the slope above a cicada thrills the air at intervals with its strident call. How the creature enjoys the quivering heat, and how closely its long-drawn cry is associated with the sweltering summer dog-days! The soft twitter of swallows darting and circling in upper air almost beyond sight comes faintly to the ears, and now a robin alights near by, hops along with a peck here and there, and then takes to its wings again.

In the middle of the pasture, just where the hill begins to rise steeply, stands a great spreading oak, with a heavy trunk and long lower branches that have a drooping, sidewise reach almost equal to the height of the tree. In its shadow is a hollow where, long ago, stone has been blasted out for the cellar walls of some village building. The quarrying must have been done far in the past, for the hillside soil is so weak that when it is torn away fresh verdure is very slow to start, and the scar here is now nearly healed.

On the borders of the quarry grows a broad patch of green pine-moss, thick and soft as a cushion. It makes a very good seat, and one would think the spot, so densely overgrown, would be nearly free from insects. Nevertheless insects always appeared in force whenever I sat there, especially certain ants who seemed to make it their business to travel back and forth across the bristly moss-tops. Yet their errands were never so urgent but that they could abandon them to walk about on me. I suppose I made a better roadway than the moss did.

Close by, on the edge of the moss-patch, was a slight depression full of brown, last year's leaves. A colony of little red ants made this their home, and whenever I observed them they were skirmishing about over the leaves as if greatly excited. However, that is the way with ants. They are always in a hurry; and if insects ever have nervous prostration, I think the ants must bring it on themselves pretty generally. I could hear the hurried patter of their feet on the dry leaves, and I tried to make some sense out of their movements, but could not. Then one of the big black ants came blundering into their domain. The little reds saw him, and clutched the intruder from all sides. They gripped him by the legs, feelers, body, and even laid hold of his formidable tusks as if they had been dentists going to pull them out. A great tussle followed, and the giant thrashed about and struggled with all his might. His enemies were models of persistence. They hung on as if they had been glued.

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GATHERING BLACKBERRIES

There were two on the end of one leg that worried the big ant particularly, and, no matter how he threw and banged them, there they clung. It seemed to me that in one thing the attacking party did not show good judgment—they pulled in as many different directions as there were ants. They were a long time in conquering. If they had had ropes, they could have bound the black as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, and then despatched him at leisure. As it was, the hand-to-hand struggle went on till the big ant began to be exhausted and to yield. Gradually he was dragged along, but he was still alive and resisting when his captors took him beyond my sight down into a hole among the leaves.

The little reds acted in this contest very like highwaymen, and I fancied the explanation of their wild scrambling about on the leaves was that they were in search of victims. Black ants continually strayed to the borders of the reds' domains, and

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now and then one went across. But as soon as the intruder saw the red highwaymen he made his exit with all haste. One would think he had set foot on a hot griddle. If he came near enough to the enemy, he was collared with great promptness. A single red ant would make the attack as valiantly as a dozen, and if assistance fai'ed to be given he would be dragged clear off the premises before he would let go.

There is no civilization in this lower world. All is savagery and warfare. Foes abound and accidents are common. What a life of fear the little creatures of the earth must live, if they have the wit to realize their dangers! Perhaps the insects do not have this realization to any great extent—certainly not as the mice or rabbits or birds have it—yet it is undoubtedly present to some degree. They battle with other insect tribes and individuals, they are subject to the attacks of all the little wild creatures of the field and air, and they may at any time fall victims to the devastating presence of human beings and their domestic animals. From their point of view man is a constant disturber and destroyer. How many of them our footsteps must crush, and what numbers of carefully made homes we wreck! This havoc cannot well be avoided, for very little of the earth's surface is unoccupied in the teeming days of summer. You get some idea of the abounding life of the season if you overturn a stick or flat stone. It is like taking the roof off a town. All sorts of bugs and odd creeping things make their homes beneath, and to them that sudden change from darkness to a flood of light must seem to presage the most direful disaster.

One of the attractions of the pasture is the zigzag fence that incloses it, and that is supposed to keep the cows in. It is not wholly effective. No fence is. But it is the most picturesque structure for the purpose that I know of, unless it were one of the stump fences that used to be familiar. Its irregularity, its aggressive-looking stakes sticking up at every corner, and, more than all, its harmonious gray, make it peculiarly pleasing. It is also a fence easily climbed, and it does not leave those three-cornered holes in your clothing which are the result of trying to get to the other side of a barbed-wire fence. The latter, unhappily, is becoming the usual fence about country fields, and when this gentle old rail fence goes I suppose the thorny wire will take its place. Yet its chestnut rails are long-lived. Some of them are said to date back a full century; but no one splits rails now, and has not for many decades past.

A chipmunk makes a highway of the zigzag fence. It affords him easy hiding, and I very likely would not have seen him had I not sat down in its shadow and so surprised him. He stops with a sudden shrill chatter very like a shriek, and scuds away with such a scamper of little feet that it startles me. But Chippy only retreats a rail or two; then from a secluded niche where the rails interlock at a corner he watches me intently and long. Now he stirs and runs along the rails, back and forth and up and down, pausing to take an inquisitive peek at me every few feet. "Are your intentions peaceful, mister, or not? You wouldn't hurt a little fellow like me, would you?" What bright eyes, what quick motions, what an expressive tail, and such a pleading, timid way! "Of course I wouldn't hurt you!"

Of all the midsummer pasture flowers, I think I like the hardhack best. The plant itself is coarse and plebeian, but every stalk bears aloft a compact spike of fresh pink bloom that reminds one of the heather on the Scotch moors. If it only grew in as close and continuous masses, it would paint the old pasture slopes with its purple just as the heather does the moorlands.

Mountain mint is scattered all over the dry, grassy portions of the pasture; and in spots where the soil is most parched and weak an occasional great mullein-stalk or a corpulent thistle shoots up. These are plants that seem to glory in adverse conditions. In the same soil also many ox-eyed daisies are growing, but they are so stunted and small that they are hardly recognizable. The cows crop them off with the grass. The main stem is gone altogether, and such blossoms as succeed in opening are on weak little side shoots.

Most of the thistles are flattened little plants that you would hardly notice, unless you sat down on them. But those that are mature enough to blossom send sturdy spikes upward hedged all about with

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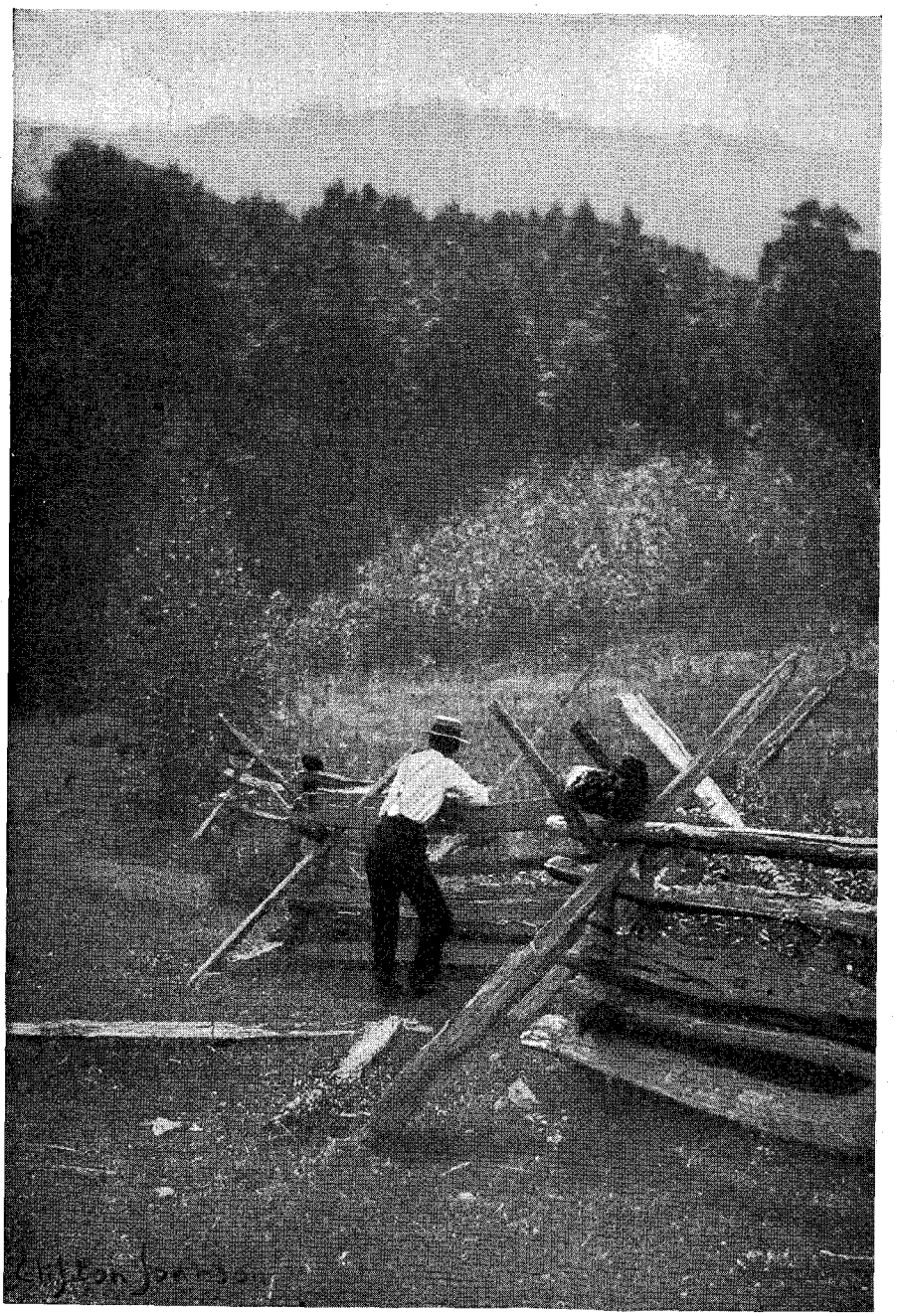

THE ZIGZAG FENCE

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thorny leaves, among which the bud reposes like an egg in a nest. "Hands off!" the leaves say, and they guard the bud till the last moment, when it lifts itself above the soldierly bayonets of its green nest, throws out its purple rays to the sunshine, and in a few days has ripened a thousand winged seeds for the wind to sow broadcast. These thistles have their own way in the world. They are the most prickly and aggressive of all the thistle family. A cow will sometimes nip off the mild spring shoots of their cousins the Canada thistles, though such pruning amounts to little or nothing as a means of extermination; but this rude savage of the tribe that loves the dry, weak-soiled slopes, and finds such hearty nourishment there, makes too hot a mouthful. As well attempt to eat a paper of pins.

A long and varied list of the pasture flowers might be made, for its wild growths are not molested by cultivation, and it has soils of many kinds. Some blossoms are partial to the borders of the brooks, some like the swamp, some the dry hill-slopes, and other, more secluded plants seek the shadows of the woods. On the hilltop among the trees you can find princess pine and rattlesnake-root, and in the damp mold under a thicket of hemlock grow the ghostly Indian pipes.

I go to this upper, wooded part of the pasture when I am in the mood for complete quiet. The woodland influence is peculiarly soothing. You are deep down away from the heat and away from the turmoil of the winds. The flecks of sunshine that fall through the upper leafage and mottle the tree-trunks and earth below are beautiful and beneficent. They do not blind or scorch as does the full glare of the sunlight in the open. Sometimes the rays search out a white birch group with a background of evergreens, and their slender stems then look like a cluster of forest candles.

After a rainy spell the shady parts of the upper pasture are studded everywhere with toadstools. These vary greatly in tint. Some are a milky white, some cream-colored or tawny, some are a bright yellow, and others are a delicate pink or a rich brown. They do not start from the immediate surface, but from vegetable deposits lying deeper that are further advanced in decay. Among the leaves of the pine-needles the toadstools often rise with quite a mass of mold on their shoulders, that seems to need considerable exertion to cast aside.

The cattle in the pasture number three. There is a yellow cow, a black cow, and a red calf. The pasture is large for so few creatures, and they are all fat and sleek. The calf has a comical look of being stuffed, its sides stick out so. The cows seem to have no plan in their grazing. They wander irregularly about, and get over the whole pasture during the day. Every section of it furnishes at least a little food to their liking. That there is a decided difference in grass from their point of view is clear; for you will see bunches of grass here and there that look tender and inviting, but that are growing almost untouched, while all about the turf is nipped down as close as any lawn. Some rankness of flavor is no doubt present. There appears to be trouble, too, with grass that grows in the wet hollows. The cows walk through and lick up a mouthful here and there, but it is with no relish. Just beyond, however, where the grass is short and the soil perhaps so weak that the growths are not half nourished, the cows will graze steadily. The thin, wiry grasses on the washed-out hillside are as much to their liking as any, and they are often to be seen picking about there. On hot days the hillside offers an added inducement in the bushes that half cover it. The cows like to rub through them to scrape off the flies. In the cool of the morning, when the cows first come to pasture, the flies are numb and little inclined to action; but as soon as the sun dries and warms the air, they hunt out the cows and stick by them all day. They are of all sizes, from little things almost microscopic, that gather about the cow's eyes and nostrils, up to great horseflies. One tail isn't enough to keep them off, and the cow gives frequent dabs at those on its sides with its tongue, or kicks at the pests beneath with one of its hoofs.

Sometimes when I was lying on the hillside the cows would come out of the bushes and become suddenly aware of my presence. "Holloa, what's this?" they seemed to say. For some minutes they would eye me, grazing intermittently, and then all three would gallop past me down the slope. They get a position to leeward

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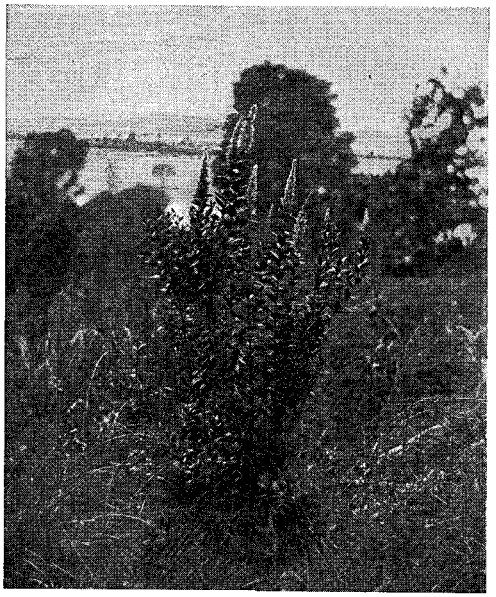
and sniff the air suspiciously. Curiosity is not satisfied till they come close up and investigate with their tongues. Such caresses are not to my liking, and I have to give a kick of protest; for a cow's tongue is so coarse and rough that it feels like a nutmeg-grater when applied to the bare hands, and on one's clothes the dragging, scratching sensation is hardly more agreeable.

I get up and make friends and try to kill some of the flies that are buzzing about the creatures. Each is followed by a half-dozen or so of great horseflies, some greenish, some a dusty drab, and some black, yellow-tailed giants, the size of bumblebees. Their food is blood, and if you strike one you get a great red stain on your hand. The cows start at the blow, and imagine I am chastising them. What they like best is to have me rub them gently under their throats.



HARDHACK

A small boy in blue overalls and a straw hat comes after the cows at night. They do not gather at the bars, as cows should, and the boy usually finds them far up the hillside. The tramp after them does not seem to trouble him. There is no lack of things to rouse his interest on the way. He comes along snapping an old farm whip and picking mint to eat. I often talked to the boy, and tried to find out how much he knew about nature. His knowledge was more limited than I expected. The pasture flowers were mostly nameless to him, and he was doubtful about the identity of some very common trees. I pointed out the snug spire of a cedar and asked him what it was. He wavered between calling it a pine or a hemlock, and then said he guessed it was a spruce. His oddest mistake had to do with oak-balls. Many of these fell during the summer, and the ground beneath the great oak was strewn with them. The latest fallen were green or a mottled white and brown, while those that had lain longest were brown all over and shiny and smooth. Many were still on the tree, occasionally growing on the leaves, but usually starting from the buds at the tips of the twigs. The boy picked up two of the oak-balls and called them hickory-nuts. I told him to open one. Inside he found a fibrous mass with a hard kernel. "Yes, that's a hickory-nut," he said.

Then he pulled the hard core apart and found in the center a tiny grub. "It's a hickory-nut with a worm in it," he remarked.

Acorns he called hickory-nuts, too. They looked different outside, but he told me if you cracked them open they'd be just the same. I tried to explain what the balls were, and that hickory-nuts did not grow on oak-trees. The boy readily assented, but added that the balls were "hickory-nuts just the same."

When the boy finds the cows, there is only one of the three that he pays any attention to. That is the yellow one—the leader of the herd. Where she goes the others follow. He drives her along, and if the others lose sight of her for a moment they are alarmed and will break into a gallop to catch up. The calf stays in the pasture over night, but it keeps with the others as far as the gate, and seems to feel very lonesome when it finds itself deserted. It "blats" inconsolably, and the tracks in the soft earth inside the bars look as if it spent most of the night trampling back and forth there.

Aside from the boy, the only person I see in the pasture is a woman who wears a sunbonnet and carries a tin pail and goes to the northern borders of the pasture, where grows a jungle of high-

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bush blackberries. She comes two or three times a week, and is usually accompanied by a long-eared black and white dog. If the dog comes as a protector, he is not very serviceable, for as soon as she begins picking he deserts her and goes roaming off with his nose to the ground into the woods. When the woman fills her pail and is ready to start for home, she calls "Jack;" but, as a rule, there is no response, and she has to return alone.

Often the dog is with the boy who comes for the cows. The boy hopes to train the dog to drive the creatures for him, but he is not making much progress. Jack seems to be some kind of a hunting-dog, and if he imagines he smells game off he goes, no matter what the duty in hand may be. Besides, he is afraid of the cows, and if one of them turns on him and shakes her head he drops his tail and makes haste to put a safe distance between himself and the threatened violence.

This sort of thing fills the boy with wrath and sorrow, but he and the dog are good friends, nevertheless. His taste coincides with the dog's hunting instincts exactly. He frequently leaves the cows to take care of themselves when Jack, out of sight among the bushes on one of his predatory side quests, sets up an excited barking. Away skips the boy, and it may be ten or fifteen minutes before he reappears. He never brings back any game, yet his eager anticipation is unfailing with every fresh alarm. He says Jack caught a woodchuck once, and I suppose this reminiscence keeps alive the hope that he will do something equally valiant again.

It is a pity the boy was not on hand one day when I saw the dog start up a rabbit. Rabbits, or, indeed, game animals of any sort, are not plenty in this region; for every autumn enough hunters come from a neighboring city and go straying through the woods with their guns to outnumber the wild creatures two to one. But Jack, this afternoon I speak of, while making one of his investigating tours through the pasture, came on a rabbit track so fresh that he set up a howl and bounded off into the bushes as if he had been shot from the mouth of a cannon. The rabbit was not ten feet away, but the dog had not seen it. Dogs have much keener noses than eyes, and they see very little but what is close to them.

The dog's howl was to the rabbit like a powder-mill blowing up next door, and away it went up the hillside so fast that it looked like an animated ball of brown fur flying along the ground. The dog started in hot pursuit. What a raging demon of destruction he must have seemed to the rabbit as he came tearing along after it, with a howl to every jump! In a moment the pair disappeared from sight, but by the dog's barking I could follow the irregular race through the birch copses and the grove of pines, and on into the woods on the mountain-side. In the end Jack probably ran the rabbit into a hole, down which he howled execrations until he was tired. He came down the hill on the way home after a time, looking decidedly fagged out and bedraggled. He had not even energy to hold his nose to the ground and scent for other tracks. Just as he passed me a horn blew in the valley. That meant supper-time, and it brought my summer afternoon in the old pasture to a close.

I have hardly more than suggested in this sketch the interest the old pasture had for me; and, after all, in thinking it over, I am not sure its attraction was necessarily connected with that one spot. Probably almost any bit of country that one observed leisurely would reveal many unsuspected beauties in its flowers, an intricate world of wild life, and interlinkings with the work or pleasures of human kind. In truth, it would have much the same charm that I found in our old pasture.

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DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, who has practically been elected Mr. Reed's successor as Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Scotland, and therefore is about to occupy the highest place of power in this Government permissible to him under the Constitution. His family came to this country in 1846, when he was six years of age, and his boyhood years were spent on a farm—first in Illinois and afterward in Iowa. He received his education in the common schools and in Upper Iowa University, and enlisted in the army as a private the first year of the war, which was also the year he became of age. He was later elected and commissioned first lieutenant of his company, and served in that capacity until the spring of 1862, when the loss of a leg necessitated his discharge. A year later he re-entered the army as Colonel of an Iowa regiment, and served till the close of the war. He was admitted to the bar in Dubuque, Iowa, in the fall of 1865, held the office of Collector of Internal Revenue from the close of that year until 1869, and two years later became Assistant United States District Attorney. In 1871 he resigned this post to devote himself exclusively to his private law business, but re-entered public life in 1883 as member of Congress from the Dubuque district. His Congressional career has been uninterrupted; and while never an aggressive leader, he has risen to the foremost places of executive responsibility. As Speaker Reed's associate upon the all-important Committee on Rules he has been most intimately associated in the work of directing legislation; and this experience, along with his skill as a parliamentarian, has led his associates to regard him as the natural heir to the Speaker's powers. These powers he is expected to wield as his party's representative—the undivided leadership being now vested in the President.

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The Eccentricities of Reformers

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

"OH, why," said an exhausted American wife to her husband, a moderate reformer, "why do the insane so cling to you?" This tendency of every reform to surround itself with a fringe of the unreasonable and half-cracked is really to its credit, and furnishes one of its best disciplines. Those who are obliged by conscience to disregard the peace and proprieties of the social world, in the paths of reform, learn by experience what a trial they are to their friends by observing what tortures they themselves suffer from the insane. They learn self-control by exercising moderation toward those who have lost that quality. Thomas Hughes, in his letters from America, describing some one whom he likes, adds, "He is doubtless, however, a cracked fellow, in the best sense," showing that, without a little crack somewhere, a man could hardly do his duty to the times. Thus it is that the insane cling to those who, though really sane, are content to be called crazy—"fanatic named and fool," as Lowell wrote of Phillips in a sonnet. There is nothing more curious in the rich and copious memoirs of Garrison than his early intimacy and even alliance on abstract questions with John Humphrey Noyes, the man who finally became the potent head of the curious free-love community at Oneida; and Garrison was, as a result, publicly charged with holding doctrines which were to him peculiarly offensive. Dryden wrote:

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

What he wrote is not more true of the coffee-house wits whom he had in mind than of the incomparably greater wits who originate and carry on reforms.

The early anti-slavery meetings in particular were severely tested in respect to patience by those who might almost be called professional lunatics, as for instance Father Lamson, Abby Folsom (Emerson's "flea of conventions"), and G. W. F. Mellen. Lamson's white habiliments and white beard seemed almost like a stage make-up for the situation, and Abby Folsom's "interminable scroll" (Emerson again), with her shrill climax of all remarks, "It's the capitalists!" seemed like the rehearsal of a play. Yet it is not quite fair to assume that the patience of the Abolitionists was invariable. There were times when it gave way; and I have seen Abby Folsom led from the hall, courteously but decisively, by Wendell Phillips on the one side and a man yet living on the other—she still denouncing the capitalists as she reluctantly came towards the door. For the occasional policeman present, to whom the Abolitionists themselves seemed as much lunatics as their allies, the petty discrimination of putting out only the craziest appeared an absurdity; and Wendell Phillips at that very meeting had to explain the real distinction—namely, that he and his friends were not the object of persecution because they were crazy, but because they were known not to be.

Another striking figure on the platform who always attracted the disapproval of the profane was Charles Burleigh, who wore not merely long curls on his shoulders, but also a long and rather ill-trimmed beard—in a beardless period—and had distinctly that Christlike look which is often to be found in large gatherings of reformers. Lowell, who was one of the early beard-converts, used to be amused in going about the streets with Burleigh, a much taller man, to find himself pointed out with a sort of subsidiary emphasis, as if he were a young neophyte accompanying his father confessor. Burleigh was undoubtedly one of the ablest men in the Anti-Slavery Conventions. Lowell in one of his letters describes him as "looking like one of the old Apostles, who had slept in the same room with a Quaker who had gone off in the morning with his companion's appropriate costume, leaving him to accommodate himself as best he might to the straight collar and the single breast of the fugitive."[1] He belonged to a gifted family, two of his brothers being poets, and he himself was a man of singular power in speech, with a rich and mellow voice, a benignant manner, and an extremely clear and logical mind; had he

[1] "Letters of James Russell Lowell," I., 110.

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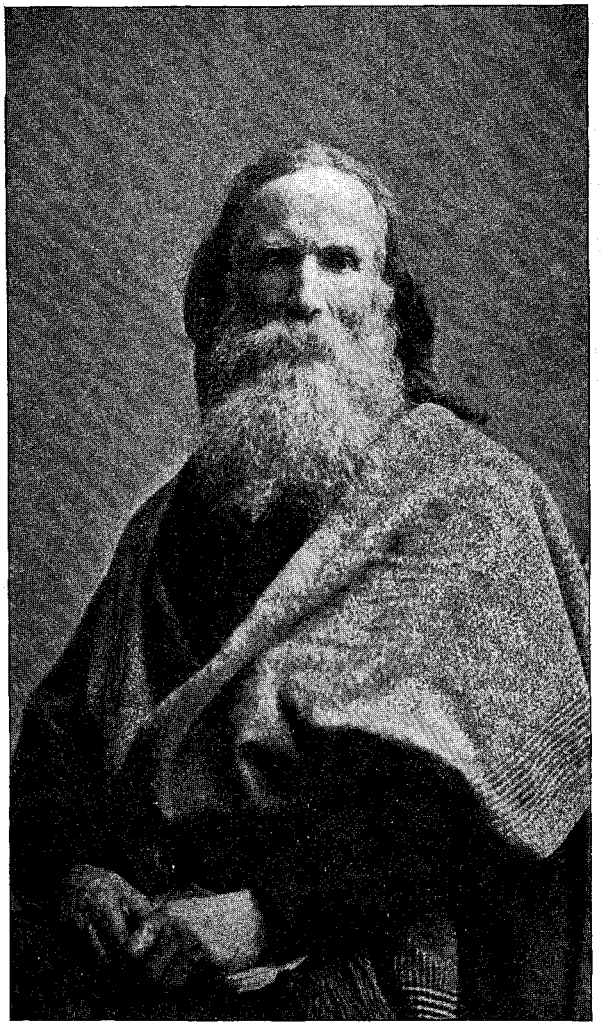
also possessed humor, he would have been one of the most effective of orators. His eloquence had every essential except humor, as his personal appearance had every quality of distinction but neatness.

Another man of peculiar bearing was Henry C. Wright, whose whim was never to address the presiding officer as "Mr. Chairman," but only as "Chairman," and whose erect figure and commanding voice, with the frequent recurrence of an occasional and imperious "Now, Chairman!" gave him a weight of manner which his matter did not always confirm. He had been in early life a Congregational minister, and had lost his parish, it was said, for the unclerical act (in those days) of swimming across the Connecticut River. His papers and his journals, which were profuse, are now in the Harvard College Library, and will one day, no doubt, furnish ample and quaint materials for the historian of the "Come-outers" of that day. Another noticeable person on the platform was Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, the New Hampshire editor, whose journalism had a spice and zest which would now command a market on merely professional grounds; who was a Non-Resistant of Non-Resistants, and would, if he could have had his way, have conducted the meetings without President, Secretary, or any restrictions on debate. He out-Garrisoned Garrison on this and other points, and they at last parted company, to the mutual regret of both. He had one of those faces of utter benignity which always surprised Southern visitors to the anti-slavery conventions, they expecting to find upon the platform a set of scowling stage villains.



CHARLES C. BURLEIGH
From a photograph taken about 1875.

Another picturesque and even eccentric feature upon the anti-slavery platform was the group of the Hutchinson family, raven-haired and keen-eyed as a group of Bohemians, tall and stalwart youths surrounding their rosebud of a sister, Abby. They, too, had a melodramatic look, with their wide collars and long locks; they put immense fire and fury into "The Car Emancipation" and their other anti-slavery songs. As years went on, they broke up into detached groups, extending into the second generation. The story of these experiences has been told entertainingly in a book by one of the family. Four of the brothers used to give village concerts, in which they adapted themselves to each place they visited, using local "gags" to an extent which brought out screams of laughter. In one case, when they had refused an encore, it finally had to be conceded on the special appeal of a venerable citizen, and

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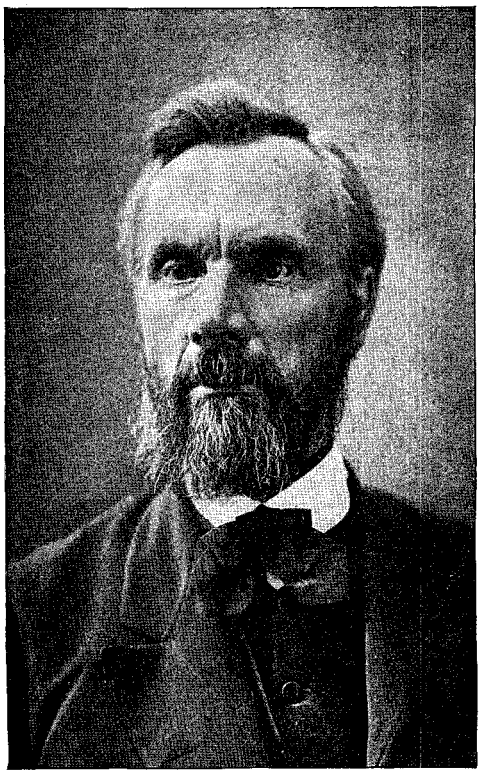

PARKER PILLSBURY

they selected for performance one of their most absurd songs:

O potatoes they grow small
Over there!
O potatoes they grow small,
'Cos they plants 'em in the fall,
And then eats 'em, tops and all,
Over there.

A muffled chuckle began in all parts of the audience, and swelled to a tumult of applause incomprehensible to me, till I afterwards learned that the venerable gentleman in question was known as "Small Potatoes," from an unlucky gift of a basket of such vegetables to some donation fund. Whether the hit was wholly accidental on the part of the Hutchinsons I never knew, and the impression on the audience was soon changed when one of the brothers, who had before given evidences of insanity, came forward to make a speech to the audience, lecturing them especially on the undue love of money. He spoke to them courageously and tenderly, like a troubled father, though he still looked young; and at last said, with infinite pity, "If you wish for money, you can have it from me," and began taking silver coins from his pockets and tossing them among the audience, where they were at first eagerly picked up by boys, and then left untouched, while the spectators seemed awed and spellbound. I never shall forget the anxious and patient look with which the brothers watched him with their large dark eyes, not, however, interfering; and even when he had emptied his pockets and turned to a box containing the receipts at the door, and began to throw half-dollars and quarter-dollars from that, saying to them, "May I?" they only nodded gravely, leaving him to himself. It all recalled descriptions of the reverence given by untaught persons to the acts of the insane. He soon stopped and the music was resumed, the money being honestly collected afterwards and brought back to his brothers. This member of the household finally committed suicide, after a long period during which his disordered mind evidently played with the thought of it, getting all ready for it just at the hour when he knew he should be interrupted, as, for instance, by men coming to the barn to feed the cattle; but finally he went too far. The career of the whole family was a curious instance of that sporadic appearance of a quality akin to genius in certain families, a trait which is familiar to every student of life in New England farming towns.

Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles" is a storehouse of facts as to the decidedly extreme attitude taken for a time by himself, Stephen Foster, Henry C. Wright, and others, of whom it could be said, as Garrison wrote to his wife about one of these, "He is remarkably successful in raising the spirit of mobocracy wherever he goes." "I could wish," he adds, "that brother —— would exercise more judgment and discretion in the presentation of his views; but it is useless to reason with him, with any hope of altering his course, as he is firmly persuaded that he is pursuing the very best course." It was in one of these mobs that Lucy Stone, urging the men who had spoken to retire from the hall through a back door, was met by them with the question, "Who will protect you?" "This gentleman will protect me," said the sweet-voiced woman, taking the arm of the ringleader of the mob, as he sprang on the platform. "Yes, I will," he said, after one look at her serene face; and he piloted

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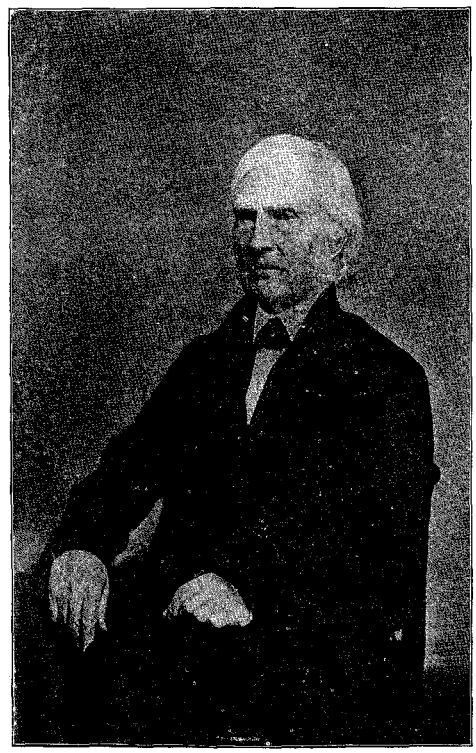
her safely out. So clear, however, was the conviction of these especial leaders as to the necessity of very strong statements that one excellent Quaker woman offered this resolution at the tenth anniversary meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 28, 1842: "Resolved, That the sectarian organizations called churches are combinations of thieves, robbers, adulterers, pirates, and murderers, and as such form the bulwarks of American slavery." What she meant was simply what James G. Birney had meant in his tract "The American Churches the Bulwarks of American Slavery," but these specifications she made, though logically consistent, raised natural antagonism in thousands of honest minds.



JAMES MOTT

It must be remembered, on the other hand, that this was a period, even in New England, of negro pews, negro cars, and even negro stages. I can myself recall an instance, about 1840, when a colored woman was ejected from a stage on what is now Massachusetts Avenue, near the Cambridge Common; and negro cars were commonly provided on Massachusetts railways, from which the white companions of such negroes were forcibly put out, as were the colored people from white men's cars, even if they had first-class tickets. With the curious inconsistency of those times, an exception was made if the colored people were servants of whites. These outrages were particularly noticeable on the Eastern Railroad, of which a Quaker was superintendent. In one number of the "Liberator" (XII., 56) there is a travelers' directory of the various railroads, indicating whether they do or do not have negro cars.[1] Police justices refused to punish assaults by railroad employees even on white passengers who had resisted or condemned these outrages. Under these circumstances, much was to be pardoned to the spirit of liberty.

The woman suffrage movement, involving as it did a more immediate and personal test of daily habits than the anti-slavery reform, carried with it, naturally, its own fringe of oddities. The mere fact that it coincided with the period of the Bloomer costume would have secured this, for while it required some mental ability to lengthen one's range of thoughts, it needed none at all to shorten one's skirts. The dress, so far from being indelicate, was scrupulously and almost prudishly modest, and those who wore it would have been dismayed and horrified by the modern bathing-dress; but it brought, as I can personally testify, more discomfort to the speakers of the other sex than any trials of a platform, since the ladies who wore it had to be escorted home through the irreverent population of a city. But, apart from this, the mere radicalism of the agitation naturally appealed to a certain number of the unbalanced, and the movement had to bear the burden.

This came over me vividly for the first time when attending a Woman's Rights meeting—this being the early designation of the enterprise—in Philadelphia. The gathering was large, and the gallery audience was made up, in a considerable degree, of young medical students, many of these being Southerners and ripe for fun. Just after the meeting had been called to order, a man of quiet appearance came to me and said, "Is Miss Ora Noon present?" Struck by the oddity

[1] See "Life of Garrison," III., 28; "Liberator," Vols. XI., XII., *passim*.

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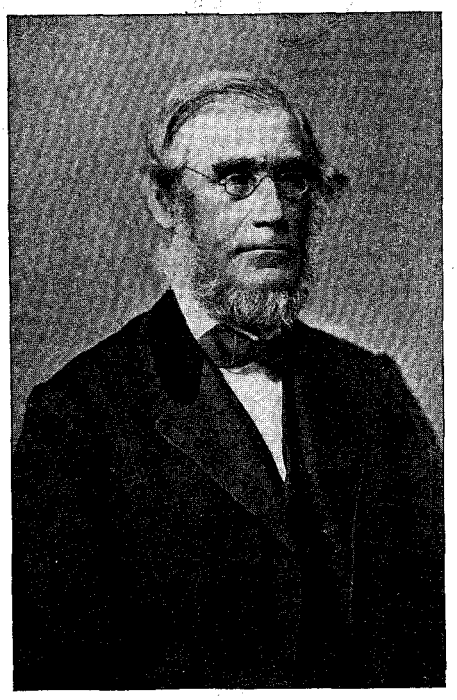
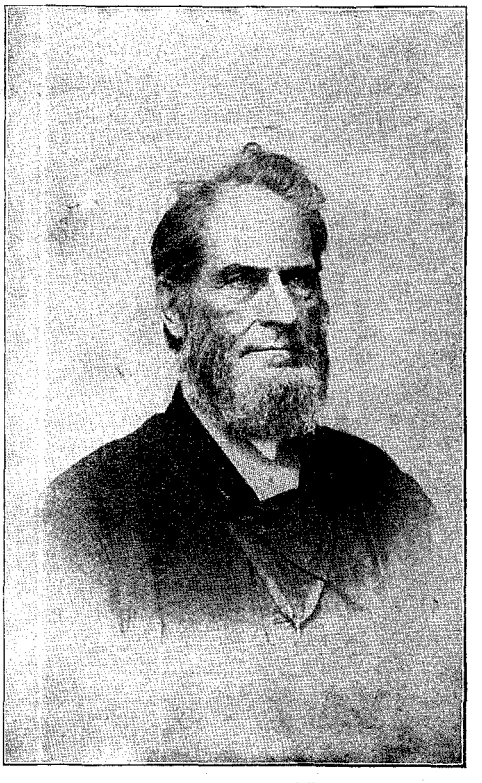


STEPHEN FOSTER

of the name—which I have slightly modified in telling this story—I asked him why he wished to know, and he said that she was a medical student, and some friends from out of town had arrived and wished to see her. "Will you not call for her?" he said; and I, becoming still more suspicious, referred the matter to James Mott, who was just passing. He recognized the name at once, to my great relief, called for her aloud with his usual grave dignity, and a young girl of rather odd appearance got up, made her way to the door, and went out with her friends. After a little tittering, the audience composed itself, and we heard no more of the incident. But that night, after returning to the hospitable home of the Motts, I was told the whole story of Ora Noon. She was, it seems, the daughter of a Southern slaveholder, and was to inherit negroes on coming of age. She had formed a great desire to study medicine, to which her father was vehemently opposed. After several unsuccessful efforts, she attacked him again on her twentieth birthday and requested, as a birthday gift, his assent to her wish. He still refusing, she coolly said, "Very well; in another year I shall be of age and shall come into possession of my own property. I shall then sell my slaves, and this will give the means for my course of medical study." The father laughed at so absurd a proposal; the subject rested for a year; and on the eve of her twenty-first birthday she announced the purpose again. The father at last surrendered, made her promise not to sell her slaves, and counted out to her the money for her first year at Philadelphia. This being in her hands, she quietly said: "To-morrow I shall emancipate my slaves, instead of selling them;" and she did it. She went to Philadelphia, knowing nobody, secured a boarding-place, bought a pair of pistols, a season ticket to the pistol-gallery, and a similar ticket to a leading theater; and thus began her professional preparations. She proved a most successful student, and led, in spite of the above little eccentricities, an irreproachable life; her success at the pistol-gallery perhaps helping to protect from any disrespect inspired by her habitual presence at the theater. It is all a curious illustration of the erratic tendency sometimes visible, just at first, on each step in the emancipation of any class. Very probably



HENRY C. WRIGHT

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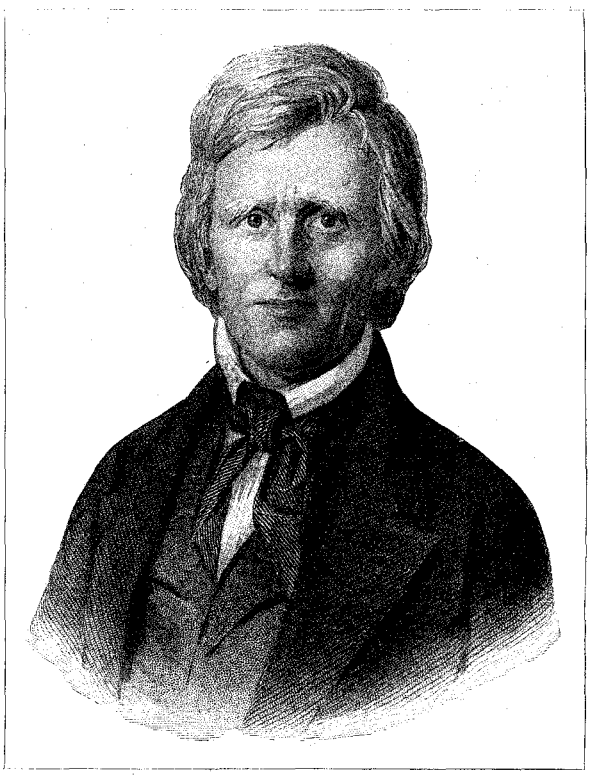
the later demeanor of Miss Ora Noon was one of scrupulous decorum; and she may never have needed to employ her pistols against anything more formidable than clay pigeons.

Where eccentricity lasts into middle life, it is apt to be permanent. I knew well a reformer who, although a working farmer, had regulated his life absolutely in his own way, and was as independent of all others as if he lived on a lonely island. He dressed uniformly in light drab clothes, neatly cut and carefully worn, and wore a rolling collar around a bare neck. He was scrupulously and marvelously clean, and had that delicacy of skin which marks the vegetarian. His wife was a sensible and capable woman, and their three little boys, of whom the eldest developed a marked musical talent, were admirably cared for. One of these was named Freewaldo Channing, the latter name being given in honor of the celebrated divine, while the first name was taken, the father told me, from a German word which he had heard (*freiwälder*), meaning free-woodsman, which was what he wished his child to be. As the father once said to me, "Neither me nor my boys wants to keep always to the same dull roundelay o' choppin' wood and doin' chores." Percy Taylor, as I will call the father, was the nearest approach I have ever known to the proverbial man-of-one-book (*homo unius libri*), who is justly feared by more promiscuous readers. Percy Taylor's one book was Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," then lately published and called by him "La Martin's History of the Guy-rondists." He rarely engaged in any long talk without drawing some moral from that book—his favorite heroes being Robespierre and Vergniaud, whom he called "Robyspierry" and "Virginnyord." His own conversation was filled with aphorisms, sometimes sonorous and resounding, as when he said to me: "As I look at it, Humanity, a-ploddin' over this planet, meets with considerable many left-handed things; and the best way I know of is to summons up courage and put right through 'em." Here the moral is superb, and I do not see why the simple figure of "Humanity a-ploddin' over this planet" is not finer than the long tradition of the Wandering Jew.



NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS

Percy Taylor belonged to a family which has been, in various branches, forcible and eccentric. His half-brother came tolerably near being himself the Wandering Jew, having traveled widely in Europe and the East, everywhere stopping at short intervals in the highway, baring his head and offering oral prayer. His sonorous voice penetrated far at such times, and the groups collecting round him were moved to silence, not derision. Once when staying over night in the same house with him, and occupying an adjoining room, I heard him presently uplifting his supplications in elaborately piled sentences, and soon coming round to "the stranger within the gates," meaning me; I do not know that he confessed my sins, but I know

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that he traced out unflinchingly my supposed duties, present and future; and when I slept and waked again he was still at work on my spiritual horoscope; nor have I ever felt so encompassed, and, as it were, shielded by a beneficent interference, though very drowsily recognized. It would have seemed quite impossible to breakfast in the ordinary manner with such a self-appointed guardian angel, and I think he must have been up and away before I descended. I more than once saw him afterwards, standing like a statue at street-corners and making invocation for a whole city, but I felt that I had been the subject of his concentrated care, and passed on. There may have been some veritable mystic element in the whole family, for I remember that Percy had a wondrous tale of having been summoned home ten miles in a storm by a premonition that danger impended over his wife, and of having arrived just in time to defend her from a tramp at the back door.

Those who frequented, fifty years ago, the meeting-house of the old First Parish at Newburyport—a fine type of an earlier church architecture in its graceful steeple, its lofty pulpit, and its sounding-board—could hardly fail to notice, in the front corner pew of the great gallery, a man of tall and rather striking appearance, with hawk nose and vivacious look, who presided over a pew full of whispering boys, and was sedulous in calling their attention to the hymns and in writing out for each the text of the sermon. The task was gratuitous on his part, and the boys were led to this Sunday fidelity rather as a species of reverential lark, one might say, than from any unalloyed devotion. He might have passed for one of those tithing-men so essential to the order of early Puritan worship, and still to be seen in the Protestant Cathedral of Basle in Switzerland. Yet his life had been wholly secular, and the title which preceded his name—Doctor Hackett—was rumored to have been won by service as hospital steward. He had no visible means of support, and few obvious expenses; his profession was mainly that of walking, with the aid of a staff and two exceedingly long legs, about all the neighboring country, he seldom failing to be present at a reform meeting, an ordination, or a funeral. In his shorter walks he made it his especial mission to clear away large stones from the road, bending his tall form to grasp them, and flinging them with vigor on one side. Perhaps the occasional reference among Scripture texts to "stones of offending" may have led him to this form of self-consecration, but I have often wished in rural neighborhoods that there were more disciples of his faith.

His dwelling-place was as weird in the approach as that of some enchanter in Spenser's poetry. He lived alone on a wide tract then known as Grasshopper Plains; dwelling in a small shanty which he had bought, I think, from some railroad men, and its minute dimensions caused him no repining, except that he could not give it the dignity of insurance against fire, as it was valued at only five dollars, and no company would take risks below ten. This atom of a house was, however, less remarkable than the approach to it. He had removed it into the middle of a copse of young birches, through which little paths penetrated, converging toward it. On all these paths he had made piles of small wayside treasures that had attracted his eye—horseshoes, padlocks, keys, hoops, bits of iron rod too small for junk, and yet carefully classed and piled. Within the house the collection grew only more concentrated; pins, nails, rusty knives, bits of ribbon, bits of string, were hung to the rafters, or arranged on the floor, leaving scarcely room for his microscopic housekeeping. As unmoved by his possessions as if it were a palace, he ushered you in, kept on talking, flung out flowery and long-winded words, and seemed a Bourbon concealed in a junkshop. On your exit, he accompanied you and escorted you through his small dominions, first pausing to screw upon his door a large iron plate covering solidly the keyhole, since it seemed that vagrant boys found a wicked delight in filling the latter with gravel and small stones, in the owner's absence. "Such conduct," he said in his Micawber-like way, "I should call, sir—with no disrespect to the colored population—niggardly." While I wrestled in bewilderment with this unexpected use of language, as if John the Baptist had unguardedly slipped into a pun, he came back to the proposition, "I intend, sir, no disrespect whatever to the colored popu-

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lation." "Certainly not, Dr. Hackett," I replied; "I should not suspect you of such a thing." The intercourse between us was always, I think, as high-bred and decorous in tone as if it had culminated in an interchange of snuff-boxes.

In truth, even to this day, one rarely finds a country town in which there is not some half-lunatic or "feeble-minded person"—more commonly a woman—who is so near the verge of sanity as rather to rejoice in the freedom of observation and of speech that it implies. "I am," said a lady of this description to me, "the only person in this place who can afford to tell people the absolute truth." She habitually walked about with an old-fashioned cane, which had been her father's; and she came nearer than any one in town to the all-observant poet described in Browning's "How it Strikes a Contemporary." In one case I knew such a woman who stopped a pastor, recently a widower, on the sidewalk, and, holding up a warning finger, cautioned him against an aspiring virgin of the parish: "Luther Dalton! Luther Dalton! Beware of Lucy Bradley! She's a Cat!" I again discreetly modify the names; but the poor man, stricken with terror, left town as soon as possible, and returned in a few weeks with a newly wedded spouse, who vigilantly kept both cats and their persecutors at a distance. These sibyls, it is needless to say, were usually reformers; they would have gone to the stake for their principles; but they were rather apt to keep a private auto-da-fé at hand, where the troublesome Lucy Bradleys of this world might be immolated for their presumption.

The Blind Weaver

By Myrtle Reed

The great wheel turns, and through my hands
I feel the swift threads run;
My sightless eyes can never see
In warp and woof of tapestry
The tissue Fate has spun;
I know not what I blindly weave,
And yet I dumbly pray
That when the shadows closer creep
Some bit of beauty I may keep
For all the toiling day.

Sometimes the thread is silken soft
As thistledown afield:
I tremble—is it Love at last?
A light for vision overcast—
And has my heart a shield?
The wheel waits not, and I toil on
Along the vast design;
From coarse to fine the woof-threads range—
Ah, foolish one, they shall not change
For wish nor prayer of thine!

The night draws near. My tired soul
Is rent with sudden fears;
The wheel is still—the broken thread
That through my weary fingers sped
Is rough, and stained with tears.
My bleeding hands, I know, have grasped
A web of somber hue—
Pass not the sightless weaver by!
O Master, chide me not, for I
Have done as best I knew!

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EZEKIEL

From Sargent's "Prophets" in the Boston Public Library. Copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Boston.

Hebrew Prophets and American Problems

Ezekiel, the Prophet of the Church

By Lyman Abbott

TO understand the character, career, and teachings of Ezekiel, the reader must recall the history already narrated in these papers, especially that given in the account of Jeremiah. The revolt of Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, against Babylon, and his alliance with Egypt, were followed by an invasion in which his son and successor, Jehoiachin, was carried into captivity with ten thousand of his people, among whom was young Ezekiel. Zedekiah was put upon the vacant throne by Nebuchadnezzar, but the folly against which both Isaiah and Jeremiah had protested in vain seemed too inbred in this people to be eradicated by any events whatever. Zedekiah formed an alliance with the Edomites, Moabites, Ammonites, and Phœnicians, and again attempted revolt. It was, as might have been foreseen from the first, an utter failure. The vengeance taken upon the rebellious province seemed to involve the entire destruction of the nation. Its holy city was razed to the ground, and a great proportion of its citizens were deported to Babylon. During these later events and a portion of the captivity which followed, Ezekiel lived an exile in Babylonia, and wrote his prophecies. They are divided historically into three sections, the first ending with the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem; the second belonging to the period which

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elapsed between the beginning of the siege and the capture of Jerusalem; the third dating from after the fall of Jerusalem. The first section includes the first twenty-four chapters of the book, the second the next eight chapters; the third section comprises the remainder of the book.

We have to form our picture of the Jewish people in this period of their exile largely from the prophecies of Ezekiel himself, though incidental light is thrown upon their condition by other sources. "They seem to have lived in tolerably easy circumstances, enjoying a large measure of freedom and self-government, forming a little world of their own, and cherishing a passionate interest in the concerns of their native land."[1] These exiles and the Jews left behind in Palestine were divided into unorganized parties intermingling with one another. There were Jews who thought no faith need be kept with the heathen, much as in the Middle Ages the Jesuits thought no faith need be kept with heretics, and who defended covenant-breaking on high moral grounds; Jews who believed that God must take care of the Jews and their holy city because they were his people and the city was his city; Jews who thought their religion had been destroyed as well as their nation, and who were ready to abandon nation, religion, and God; and Jews who still retained their faith in God as a God of righteousness, and hoped through repentance and obedience to recover again the favor of Jehovah and prosperity for his people.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Ezekiel is the representative of this latter party. He maintained the distinctive features of the Jewish national and religious life. He insisted that righteousness is essential to national existence, and righteousness requires right dealing toward all peoples. No prophet has expressed with greater vehemence than he the divine condemnation of Judah's sins. He declared, on the one hand, that the favor of Jehovah could not be secured except by repentance, and, on the other hand, that repentance would secure it. The cynics and pessimists of his time declared that there was no basis for faith in Jehovah. As in our time, so then, the evil of the times made them cynics, pessimists, practical atheists. They denied that a just God ruled in the world. "The fathers," they said, "have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." This doctrine Ezekiel indignantly repudiated.

> If a man be righteous, doing justice and righteousness, if he eat no meat with the blood, nor lift up his eyes to the idols of the House of Israel, defile not his neighbor's wife, nor approach a woman in her uncleanness, oppress no one, restore his pledge, commit no pillage, give bread to the hungry and clothe the naked, lend not at interest, nor take increase, withdraw his hand from iniquity, execute true judgment between man and man, follow my statutes and obey my commandments and do them—he is righteous; he shall live, says the Lord, Jahveh.
>
> And if he beget a son, a violent man, a shedder of blood, who does none of these things, but eats meat with the blood, defiles his neighbor's wife, oppresses the poor and needy, commits pillage, restores not the pledge, lifts up his eyes to idols, commits abomination, lends on interest and takes increase—shall he live? He shall not live; he has done all these abominations, he shall die, and he alone shall be responsible for his own death.[1]

The fanatics had declared that faith need not be kept with the heathen. Ezekiel strenuously condemns the fanatical casuistry which defends such covenant-breaking.

> Then this word of Jahveh came to me: Say to the rebellious House: Know ye not what this means? Say thou: Behold, the King of Babylon came to Jerusalem, and took her king and her princes, and carried them to his own city of Babylon. He took one of the royal family, and made a covenant with him, and imposed an oath on him, and the mighty men of the land he carried off, that it might be a lowly kingdom, not exalting itself, that he might keep and maintain his covenant. But he rebelled against him, sending ambassadors to Egypt, asking for horses and a large army. Shall he who does such things prosper? shall he escape? shall he break his covenant and escape? By my life! says the Lord, Jahveh, in the land of the King who made him king, whose oath he despised, and whose covenant he broke, with him in Babylon shall he die.[2]

The opportunists, from the disasters which had overtaken Judah, concluded that Jehovah was no longer strong to protect his people. To them paganism and Judaism had come in conflict, and paganism had won. They were, therefore, prepared to surrender Judaism to adopt the

[1] Dr. John Skinner, article on Ezekiel, Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible.

[1] Ezekiel viii., 5–14. The translations throughout in this article are those of Professor C. H. Toy, LL.D., in the Polychrome Bible.

[2] Ezekiel xvii., 11–17.

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pagan gods, or at least to conform to the pagan customs. To that religion which Manasseh had attempted to establish and which Josiah had overturned, they wished to come back. Ezekiel, though in exile, insists on the power of Jehovah, and that in nonconformity to paganism alone lies the hope of the Jewish people.

> Thus says the Lord, Jahveh: Turn ye, turn away from your idols, and from all your abominations turn your face away. For any man of the House of Israel, or of the aliens that dwell in Israel, who shall abandon me, and take his idols to his heart, and set in his path the stumbling-block of his iniquity, and shall go to a prophet that the prophet may consult me for him, I, Jahveh, will answer him myself: I will set my face against that man, and make him a sign and a by-word, and cut him off from among my people; ye shall learn that I am Jahveh.[1]

In these and kindred teachings Ezekiel does little more than reaffirm in new forms the doctrines which his predecessors in the prophetic office taught. To these teachings he added others which were in some sense distinctive and characteristic. The thought underlying this series of papers is that each prophet has his own peculiar type of character and quality of message. The law of individual development applies in the interpretation of Biblical as of other teachers. John Calvin is the prophet of divine sovereignty, John Wesley of human responsibility, Horace Bushnell of the inner life, Henry Ward Beecher of the love of God, Phillips Brooks of the abundance of life. Something of the message of each may be found in the utterance of all, yet each great preacher makes his own distinctive contribution, as, in a grove, each bird has its own song, though some notes of each are to be found in the songs of all. If we may say that Amos was the prophet of divine justice, Hosea of divine tenderness, Isaiah of true statecraft, Micah of social and industrial humanity, Jeremiah of individual responsibility, then we may say of Ezekiel that he was the prophet of order and organization. He was, says Dr. Cornill, "pre-eminently churchman and organizer; as such, the greatest that Israel ever had." He is the literary prophet. When he first receives his commission, a book is given to him which he eats, and which is in his mouth as honey for sweetness. It is as though from the sacred writings of his people he was to receive his inspiration. His own work was done largely with the pen. So much of it as was oral he probably himself subsequently reduced to writing. He declares of himself that for one period of his ministry he was dumb.[1] During this period, that which elapsed between the beginning and the end of the siege of Jerusalem, he apparently spoke nothing.

He is, therefore, distinctively the ecclesiastical prophet of his time. It seems to have been his peculiar mission to preserve the distinctive characteristics of the Jews during the time of the exile, to prevent them from yielding either to the pessimism or the opportunism which would lead them to abandon their distinctive characteristics and adopt the rites and beliefs of their captors. "The problem," says Cornill, "was to preserve Israel in Babylon, to prevent the nation from being absorbed by the Gentiles. To this end Ezekiel insists that his people shall absolutely eschew the worship of the idols of their conquerors." The temple, the sacrifices, the priests, were all impossible in the captivity, yet no prophet lays such stress on these outward manifestations and institutions of religion as Ezekiel. The close of his book, chapters xl. to xlviii., Professor Moulton well calls "the vision of Jerusalem in her glory." It is the vision of a restored, all-powerful, glorious hierarchy. To the Great Unknown the future of Israel is that of a political redeemer of the world, carrying justice, protection, liberty to all nations. To Ezekiel the future of Israel is the restoration of her religious institutions. He is a profound believer in the established Church. Indeed, it may almost be said that the Church swallows up the State. The kingdom of Israel is the kingdom of God, and its office-bearers are the priests. Everything centers about the temple.

> There is no further mention of a king, he is merely called the prince. . . . In the New Jerusalem crime is unknown, as God bestows upon all a new heart and a new mind, and turns them into a people who walk in the way of his commandments, observe his laws, and act accordingly. The administration of justice, then, is no longer needed, and so one of the most important moral functions of the government is dispensed with. . . . He [the prince]

[1] Ezekiel xiv., 6-8.

[1] Ezekiel xxiv., 27; xxxiii., 22.

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has to look after the temple, and supply the materials of worship, for which purpose he can only collect from the people gifts of such things as are needful for the sacrifice: sheep, goats, bullocks, oxen, corn, wine, oil. All taxes are exclusively church taxes. The prince receives, so as not to oppress his people nor exact unlawful tribute from them, a rich demesne of land, which he tills like every other Israelite." [1]

The Book of Revelation borrows much of its pictorial detail and some of its spiritual ideals from Ezekiel, but it differs from him radically in one respect. In the New Jerusalem which John beheld descending out of heaven from God, he saw no temple, "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." In Ezekiel the life centers about the temple; the river of the water of life proceeds from it.

But Ezekiel is not one who thinks that a temple can take the place of Jehovah, or a book the place of righteousness, or institutions of any kind can serve as a substitute for life. Life to be effective in this world must be embodied, and in the time of Ezekiel there was reason for laying emphasis on the embodiment; but it is not a body, it is embodied life, he insists upon. His book opens with a single and scarcely comprehensible picture. He sees a great cloud-storm coming out of the north, and in the awful splendor of this storm he beholds a figure of nature and of her forces, yet animating them, dwelling within them, dominating and directing them, enthroned upon them, "a likeness as the appearance of a man"—that is, God immanent in nature. This is the first word of his prophecy. Israel has lost Jerusalem, the temple, the sacrifices, the priesthood, and is in exile far from her city and her home; but she has not lost God. Wherever nature is, there God is. It is the same splendid message repeated in the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm:

If I should take the wings of the dawn,
And alight in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there would thy hand lead me and thy
right hand hold me.

And this book, which thus begins with, as its first message, God is here, in Babylonia as truly as in Jerusalem, closes its description of the New Jerusalem as the culminating glory of the return from exile with a like message, "And the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there."

But it is not only nor chiefly in nature that Ezekiel beholds God immanent. Severe as he is in denunciation of Israel's sins, there is no poet of ancient or modern times who has more splendidly presented in a single sentence the dignity of man than has Ezekiel. To him religion is not fear; reverence is not abasement. He sees the vision of the Almighty in the midst of the cherubim, and falls upon his face, and this is what the Voice says, speaking out of the midst of the cherubim: "And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak with thee: and the spirit entered into me when he spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, and I heard him that spake unto me." This truth that God is immanent in human experience, that man is his child, that communion with God presupposes the dignity of man as a son of God, pervades the teaching of Ezekiel. Ezekiel is, therefore, above all the prophets the prophet of regeneration. That religion is a new birth, a new creation, is nowhere in the Old Testament taught more distinctly than in Ezekiel:

Therefore say to the House of Israel: Thus says the Lord, Jahveh: Not for your sake do I act, O House of Israel, but for my sacred Name which ye have made profane among the nations to whom ye are come; I will make sacred my great Name, which is become profane among the nations, which ye have made profane among them; and the nations shall learn that I am Jahveh (says the Lord, Jahveh), when through you I shall manifest my sanctity in their sight. I will take you from the nations and gather you from all the lands, and bring you into your own land. I will sprinkle pure water on you, and ye shall be pure from all your impurities; from all your idols I will purify you; I will give you a new heart and put within you a new spirit; I will take the heart of stone out of your bosom and give you a heart of flesh; my own spirit I will put in you; I will cause you to follow my statutes and observe and perform my ordinances.[1]

And this regeneration is not merely individual; it is also national. The source of all life is God; the beginnings of all life are in him—social as well as individual. If, as it seems to me is the case, the spiritual significance of Calvinism lies in its teaching that the divine life comes from God, and is not caused by our repentance or our faith, then Ezekiel is the Calvinist

[1] Cornill, "Prophets of Israel," pages 122, 123.

[1] Ezekiel xxxvi., 22–28.

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among the prophets. Not even in Paul himself is the doctrine of human helplessness without divine intervention and of human glorification by divine grace put more absolutely and unqualifiedly than by Ezekiel in the vision of the dry bones:

The hand of Jahveh was laid on me, and he carried me out by the spirit, and set me down in the midst of the valley, and it was full of bones. He led me among them in every direction, and lo, there were very many on the surface of the valley, and they were very dry. He said to me: Son of man, can these bones live? I said: O Lord, Jahveh, thou knowest. He said to me: Prophecy to these bones, and say to them: Ye dry bones, hear the word of Jahveh: Thus says the Lord, Jahveh, to these bones: Behold, I put breath into you, and ye shall live; I will put sinews on you, and clothe you with flesh, and lay skin on you, and put breath into you, and ye shall live, and shall understand that I am Jahveh. I prophesied as I was commanded, and, as I prophesied, there was a rattling, and the bones came together, bone to bone. I beheld, and lo, there were sinews on them, and flesh had clothed them, and skin covered them; but there was no breath in them. He said to me: Prophesy to the breath! prophesy, son of man, and say to the breath: Thus says the Lord, Jahveh: From the four winds come, O breath, and breathe into these dead bodies that they may live! I prophesied as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceedingly great host. He said to me: Son of man, these bones are the whole House of Israel. Behold, they say: Our bones are dry, our hope is gone, we are ruined. Therefore, prophesy and say to them: Thus says the Lord, Jahveh, I will open your graves, and raise you from your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. Ye shall be convinced that I am Jahveh when I open your graves, and raise you from your graves. I will put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I will place you in your land: ye shall be convinced that I am Jahveh. I have said it, and I will do it, says Jahveh.[1]

But Ezekiel differs from Paul, differs from John also, and from Isaiah, by reason of his ecclesiasticism. Not that his teaching is inconsistent with theirs, but his emphasis is different. He is the first of the prophets to use that symbol of the water of life which John subsequently borrowed in his vision of the New Jerusalem. But in John this river of water proceeds out of the throne of God; in Ezekiel, out of the temple:

Then he brought me back to the door of the temple, and lo, water issued from under the threshold of the temple eastward—the temple faced the east—and the water came down on the south side of the temple, to the south of the altar. Then he took me out through the north gate, and led me round on the outside to the outer east gate, and lo, water was flowing on the south side. As the man went forth eastward, with a line in his hand, he measured one thousand cubits, and led me through water ankle-deep; again he measured one thousand cubits, and led me through water knee-deep; again he measured one thousand cubits, and led me through water hip-deep; again he measured one thousand cubits, and it was a stream that I could not ford: the water was deep enough to swim in, a stream which could not be forded. And he said to me: Seest thou, son of man? Then he took me back to the bank of the stream, and lo, on the bank of the stream were very many trees on both sides. He said to me: This water goes forth to the eastern region, descends to the Arabah, and goes to the Dead Sea, into the salt water, which shall then become fresh. Every living thing that moves, wherever the stream comes, shall live; the fish shall be very many. Fishers shall stand on it from En-gedi to En-eglaim; a place for the spreading of nets shall it be; its fish shall be like the fish of the Great Sea, very many. But its marshes and its pools shall not be freshened: they shall be left for the gathering of salt. On the stream, on each bank, shall grow every sort of tree whose fruit is edible: their leaves shall not wither, nor their fruit fail; monthly they shall bear fresh fruit; for their water issues from the sanctuary, and their fruit shall be for food, and their leaves for healing.[1]

Different are their teachings, yet not inconsistent. Ezekiel sees and makes us see the Church; John disregards the Church in his vision of the glory of Him who alone makes the Church glorious. Yet history has more than fulfilled Ezekiel's vision. From the throne of God, yet also from the Church of God, the fertilizing stream has flowed. Derelict as that Church has often been in its duty, cruel in its conscience, worldly in its lusts, superstitious in its fears, material and ritualistic in its conceptions of life, nevertheless, through its gates has flowed the constantly deepening stream of the river of life. Whatever desert those waters have touched has bloomed; wherever that stream has come, life has come; and on its banks have grown every sort of tree whose leaves have been for the healing of the nations.

I have left no adequate space to speak of the peculiarities of Ezekiel's style. The best brief essay on his style which I have met is the introduction to Ezekiel in the "Modern Reader's Bible," and to this introduction, easily accessible to all readers of The Outlook, I refer them.

[1] Ezekiel xxxvii., 1-14.

[1] Ezekiel xlvii., 1-12.

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The Winning of Marie-Louise

By Duncan Campbell Scott

THERE is, not many miles above the High Falls on the Rivière des Lièvres, a level plateau from which the hills seem to have withdrawn to leave an arena for some spectacle, some ancient savage pageant. Here, in days before the white man, trooped the Indians, Algonquins and Ottawas; streaming through the rift in the mountains from the east towards Timiscamingue, or coming up the river in canoes like a cloud of dragonflies from the wilderness of the south, pitching their tepees at sundown and trading there for weeks in the yellow sunlight, while the river flooded by and the hills kept watch around. Here, now, lies the Iroquois Farm, and a little farther Notre Dame de Low, and beyond that the loneliness of Lac des Sables, and beyond that again the river in its sources, fed by the north snows melting until midsummer.

At the Iroquois Farm lived Monique Bellefontaine, and this is the story of how Marie-Louise Bellefontaine won her husband and is Madame Pierre Voyer at this date. Monique's house stood back from the river, where he had built it with his own hands, and it was a famous house from Buckingham to Lac des Sables. People who knew not the house had heard of the fame of Monique, for he was a mighty man in those parts, and was renowned for fiddle-playing and dancing and hewing and fighting. In his young days no one could beat him at shooting with a rifle; no man had ever knocked him off his legs. He could follow a trail in the woods like a hound, could make a canoe like an Indian, and had been known to walk a hundred and fifty miles on snowshoes without eating, resting, or sleeping. And when his fame was becoming a trifle dim by reason of age, his daughter, Marie-Louise, revived the tradition of the house, and became the noted beauty, as he, in his day, had been the noted bravo, of the river. In the winter-time many a teamster stopped his horses and wended his way to Monique's, for no reason at all but to renew an impression of Marie-Louise's laughing eyes. And in the summer, when the "drive" came down the river, the longest stage they had was the ten miles above and below Monique's.

There is something fateful in being a beauty and having a mighty man for a father, for amid all Marie-Louise's lovers was not one who had courage to walk up to the hero and demand her hand. It had become noised abroad that the man who had that courage would have to prove his right in a series of hand-to hand encounters with Monique, and there were traditions of fights in which he had broken jawbones and cracked brain-pans, and of milder meetings in which he had danced every adversary off his legs, and played fiddle until only one hair was left in the bow. For modest men, these recollections of their fathers were deterrents; and as time went by it became clear that the strength and prowess of her father's hands were to rise up against Marie-Louise and be the blame of her maiden days.

But even such destinies are altered by circumstances from without, and it was the advent of Pierre Voyer, from some region beyond the Lièvres and its environs, which gave Marie-Louise joy. In October of a certain year she was looking from her window upon the river. It was toward evening. From the dusk of the point where the water turned she could hear faint singing, and the hard, short blow of the oars in the rowlocks. Soon the boats rounded the point; one, two, three. Twenty men in each boat, pulling all together, they sang,

Descendez à l'ombre,
Ma jolie blonde.

They made gay color in the boats with their bright shirts and their red caps and blue tunics. Each brilliant group doubled itself in the still water. Madame Bellefontaine was adding the last loaves to a cord of bread which she had made in two days. "Here they come," she cried. Monique sauntered down to the landing. Soon the song began to die off, and individual voices came out in halloes, and laughter rang clear. Some one threw a dog from the leading boat, and he swam

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on in front yelping with excitement. This was the arrival of the first gang of men for the upper river; and on this evening, for the first time, Marie-Louise saw Pierre Voyer. He was not very tall, but taller than he looked. Dark hair he had, and blue, resolute eyes. That evening he had a red handkerchief tied about his hair, and blue leggings, and looked a bit of a dandy in his high-heeled shoes. An earring he wore in his left ear, and his right arm was tattooed with a figure of a heart with a dove fluttering over it. There was a bold, free look about him as he strode around the open fires where the cooks were making the supper. When he stood still, he was like a young pine in a clearance of the forest.

Old Monique took a fancy to him, and asked him his name, and swung his hand and hit him two or three blows in the chest to see if he was as sound as he looked. He was; so Monique brought the handsome fellow up to the house and said, "Here, old woman, Madame Bellefontaine, here's a young fellow called Voyer, from away beyond. This is Marie-Louise." So down they sat and had supper, and it was found the young fellow had a tongue in his head. Oh! he made them laugh. Then he told a story about a friend of his, and every one knew that it was a story about himself. Old Monique slapped his hand on his thigh and cried out, "Just like me when I was a lad!" And then he felt sorry that he had so flattered the young fellow. All the while, as Pierre Voyer talked, his eyes kept up a conversation with Marie-Louise, until old Monique, who was as sharp as a weazel, felt that there was something in the wind, and broke up the party *sans cérémonie*.

On the edge of the river the men had set up tents, and there was a hubbub of fiddles and songs, disputes and loud laughter. The scene was illuminated by the smoking fires, and here and there a glaring birch-bark torch. Presently the men had wrangled themselves to sleep, and, as Marie-Louise looked from her window, the only sound she heard was the strong current of the river; the dark tents she saw rising upon the bank, and now and again roving sparks started out in little golden companies from the half-dead fires. Across the river, moving ever in a faint light of its own, she saw the black mountains behind which fell the stars. Marie-Louise wondered if down there under one of the tents merry Pierre was planning to dare Monique and marry her.

In the morning on the way they went, bound for the pineries at the head-waters of the Lièvres; and Monique Bellefontaine, who was the foreman of the gang, went with them. Marie-Louise remained at home to watch the river freeze over and the snow sift in behind the trees on the mountain, and to remember Pierre Voyer, whose memory she adored, even to the earring in his ear.

It was not until the middle of the winter that Pierre Voyer mentioned Marie-Louise Bellefontaine's name to any one, but he had thought of it many, many times. He had heard talk around the camboose, and at noon in the still, snowy pine woods when they stopped work for lunch, that the man who married Marie-Louise must be a better man than her father. He had taken time to measure her father. Occasionally he would take an ax, just to show the boys how to chop a tree; casually he would leap two feet farther than the best jumper in the camp; with an instructive air he would sometimes take a fiddle in hand and play a tune in the second position. Pierre Voyer had taken note of these things.

One day Monique Bellefontaine and Pierre Voyer slipped on their snow-shoes, took each a wedge of bread and three square inches of pork, each an ax, and started. The foreman wanted to look at a new area of pine, and he chose to take Pierre Voyer because—well, because, for a youngster, he had less ignorance about pine than any one Monique had met. They walked fifteen miles, and began to get into the new region. They did not talk much; Monique was estimating the trees on one side, Pierre on the other. They spoke little on matters foreign to their speculation; about them was the great silence of the wood.

They rested for lunch on the border of a lake. It looked like a cleared plain in the center of the forest. The level snow was fretted all across in ripples, delicate in blue shadows and crystal curves. A chickadee came down and chirped about as they sat munching in the cold. Pierre

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Voyer thought that was a good time to speak, so he stood up as formally as he could, and, as if making an announcement, he said: "My name is Pierre Voyer. I come from Sagamook; my father has the big farm there; I want to marry Marie-Louise Bellefontaine."

His heart thumped his ribs like a woodpecker trying a hollow tree. All his instinct told him, by the way Monique kept silence and seemed to look at the chickadee, that his work was before him. By and by Monique spoke. "Very well, we will see. Pierre Voyer has got to be a pretty good man to marry Marie-Louise." He did not propose any trial of strength, like the ancient heroes, but went on with his work. Pierre was expectant. The afternoon began to wear away, and long after the time when they should have started for the shanty Monique was staring at the pine-trees. Suddenly he straightened himself, threw his ax over his shoulder, and broke into a trot. Pierre gave a tug at his belt and followed. Close he kept at Monique's heels. He went for a mile or two at that rate, and then began a long, moose-like stride, rapid and powerful, that seemed to lift him over the snow. Pierre labored after him, seeing the white space between them gradually widen. Then Monique stopped to fix his shoe, and Pierre overtook him. But in a moment he was flying on ahead, snow dancing about his heels.

Unexpectedly they came to a drop over a brow of rock. Monique leaped down ten feet and lit like a bird, and on he went. Pierre hesitated a moment, thumped down clumsily, sideways, slid two feet and came to a dead stand, his shoes weighted with a mass of snow. On went the terrible Monique, up a hill, never once looking behind. They had gone for five miles, when Pierre began to lose sight of him. He had a stabbing stitch in his side; his breath seemed all in his throat. Then he began to think that Monique was a tree moving, and then that the tree was Monique standing still; and then he lost him hopelessly.

He kept on in a vexed, blind, maddened way until his lungs became like stone. When he had rested a while, he took up the trail and followed those tremendous strides to the shanty. Supper was well over. Monique reclined in his bunk, and never glanced toward the door when Pierre came in. He felt that throughout the company, from the cook to the culler, the rumor had spread that some one had asked for the hand of Marie-Louise Bellefontaine.

It took Pierre ten days to swallow the chagrin of that defeat, when one night Monique nodded to him as he passed through the door. Pierre followed like a man who obeys a dictator. The moon stood straight overhead. Monique walked along the hard snow road for a mile, and then he turned and said to Pierre: "You and me are going to wrestle."

At it they went in the moonlight that flooded the snow and chased it with the shadows of the hardwood trees. First it was catch-as-catch-can. Pierre got the best hold, and heaved at Monique as if he were lifting a ton. He seemed rooted in granite like a mountain. They crouched almost immovable; a mass of iron muscle on the strain. Pierre, through his starting eyes, saw their shadows thrown on the snow in a strange, dwarfed shape.

Suddenly he felt as if some weight were crushing him; he strove against it terribly; one foot was forced out of the snow. All the blood of his body seemed in his eyes. Then he went up very slowly into the air; all his grasp was broken away, and in a moment more he flew over Monique's head and lay in the road. The moon looked down on him.

Then they tried collar-and-elbow. Pierre was a valiant lad, and he was fighting for Marie-Louise. Monique's arms were like bars of iron. Pierre could not move him. Then Monique began to play him back and forth and give him sudden jerks that make his head feel as if it would be snapped off. Then slowly he turned him over on his side as if he were a tired child and let him rest in the snow.

Pierre's sensations gave him matter for thought for weeks. Spring was coming on, and if he had been fortunate in his encounters he might have looked forward to meeting Marie-Louise with confidence. There was one test left. He could play the fiddle; yes, he was aware that he could play the fiddle. He did not believe that Monique could equal him in that, which was surely why he had never accepted the challenge, as Pierre had often played before him. One night, just

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before they began to drive the logs into the Lièvres, Pierre took his fiddle and played as he had never played before. Such fire, such tone, such extraordinary sweeps and gyrations of the bow! Could anything surpass that? he thought.

By and by, some time after he had ceased, amid the chatter and laughter of the camp arose a penetrating sound which made the silence fall as stars come out after rain. Low and firm and equal, note followed note; flowing strongly, slowly, earnestly, note followed note. What was the melody he played? No one there had heard it before, and still each man seemed to recognize it. It grew up like a flower in the ferny spaces of deep woods. It gathered depth as does the night, star following star. It ceased as the dawn comes with quiet color. A few deep notes and it was done. Pierre covered up his head in silence.

When the drive reached Bellefontaine's place, Marie-Louise heard all about these adventures from her cousin Ulric, who was in the camp, and her heart burned for Pierre. He would not come near the house, as he had no right to; and he sulked in his tent. Marie-Louise remembered him just as he looked the night he came up the river with his earring in his ear, his black locks bound with the red handkerchief. She longed to see him again, and crown him for his valiancy. But Monique stood between, and she did a better thing. She wrote him a note, which was borne to him by the cousin. Pierre Voyer read it by the waning light the same evening. It bore these magic words:

"DAD KANT SWIM—MARIE LOUISE."

Pierre studied these words. What did they mean? Suddenly light broke in upon his dark mind. He knew that Marie-Louise loved him; that if she had her will his labors would be closed; that she had heard of his defeats and honored them. For what did she say? DAD KANT SWIM. He put the scrap of paper over his heart. Monique, like Achilles and many another hero, had one vulnerable point. His daughter had betrayed it.

A week after this Bellefontaine's was as quiet as before, and the drive had reached the High Falls. Here the river takes a sharp turn and rolls all its brown water over two preliminary cascades, and then down one tremendous leap of a hundred feet. Every log that slips the boom and goes over the fall is marred and broken. Every log that goes down the prepared chute glides like an arrow, swift as light, and drops uninjured into the pool. This chute begins in the placid water at the head of the first cascade. It is a V-shaped trough supported on trestles, six feet wide at the top, three feet at the bottom; it is about four feet deep. It slopes and bends down among the trees for four hundred yards. The timbers which form it are bleached clean as bones by the sun and rain. Through this trough spins constantly a solid stream of rapid water.

Until they reached the Falls Pierre had no opportunity of using his newly acquired knowledge. But one day as he stood in the sunshine at the head of the chute guiding the logs into the current an idea came into his head. He looked down the chute and followed the hurrying logs and water with his eyes. He had heard of men going down there, some alive, some who were merely names forever after. He weighed the chances, and he remembered Marie-Louise and his lost battles for her in the woods. He knew he could swim. Monique was working very near him, directing operations from a stout timber which bridged the chute. Gradually, without attracting attention, Pierre drew closer to him, closer to him. He waited his opportunity. It came. Monique turned to call something down the chute; he had one foot off the timber and was raising himself on the other. Quick as a flash, Pierre slipped his pike-pole under that foot and pried it up. Without knowing what had happened, Monique found himself in the terrific water. All the men saw, after they heard him yell, was a flash of red at the turn. He was gone. Before any one could move Pierre had plunged into the stream and was drawn, head first, out of sight.

He could not realize the speed at which he was rushing. The two iron bars let into the sides of the chute, polished like silver, looked like ribbons spinning by. There were flashes and yells as he shot past the points where the men were stationed. He saw the calm blue sky far, far above him. And in an instant he felt the deep waters cover him. He fought with them, and came into the light again,

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swimming strongly. He was in a whirlpool, and just beyond him he saw Monique's face, whiter than the white foam. It disappeared. Pierre struck out desperately. Then he found Monique under his hands; he grasped him. They were locked together, and for a moment Pierre held him by the throat and spoke to him and shook him.

Then Monique gave himself up in fear, and Pierre battled for their lives. Slowly, with enormous power, he edged out of the whirlpool, and felt the sucking of the cross-current that set out of the bay around the point. Beyond that point lay the rapids, short but fierce and dangerous. He struggled to gain that point, but swiftly it turned and flew by.

Then in the mighty pull of the current he floated and saved his strength. Monique lay back, his eyes closed, his mouth catching the water. Up came the roar, the clamor from the rapids, louder and louder. Suddenly Pierre grasped Monique around the body, his arms like the grip of a vise, and they went into the waters that seemed to hurl them on and crowd upon them for their lives. It was only a minute of confusion, without breath, without sight, without heart-beats. They were covered and overwhelmed. The water forced them until the sinews of Pierre's arms cracked with the strain; together they rolled into the deep quiet eddy at the foot of the last plunge. Together and alive!

When Monique wrung the water out of his eyes he saw Pierre standing on the shore. He knew Pierre's arm was broken by the way it hung. "I'm all right," he was saying, with the blood trickling out of the roots of his hair from a wound concealed by it.

A few minutes later Monique was yelling to his gang, "Look alive, you fellows! Do you think I keep you to look like sheep in a thunder-storm? Get a canoe and paddle to Notre Dame de Low and bring back Dr. Boisblanc. And you, Ulric," he called to his nephew, "go up to the house and bring Marie-Louise down, if she wants to come. Tell her there's a man down here that knows how to swim, and his name is Pierre Voyer."

Marie-Louise came.

Beacons Through the Gloom

By Hamlin Garland

I looked across the cold white bay
As night drove in from the open sea;
The rising waters swift and gray
Beneath the ice-fields, white and lone
As snowy plain, with savage moan
And sudden boom rushed stormily.
While from the bitter, hollow north
The sword-like wind sprang swiftly forth.
The scene was dark and desolate as death;
The icy waters seemed to threat;
The lonely gazer caught his breath
As if a danger had been met;
When, lo! from out the stinging mist,
Like gorgeous lilies breaking gloom,
Yellow and ruby and amethyst
Across the dreary icy way,
The lighted street-lamps burst abloom—
Budded and bloomed till one by one
They stood like beacons lit for him—
Sprang like tall lilies from the dark
That walled the salt sea's frozen rim.

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Georges Picquart

By Elbert F. Baldwin

GEORGES PICQUART is an Alsatian. He was born in Strassburg. He is forty-five years old.

When he was sixteen he received his baptism of fire. He saw in his native city and province the devastating rush of a war so fatal in its consequences that within a year his cherished home must needs pass into an enemy's hands. Such an impression did this make upon his loyalty that he became only more than ever devoted to his country, the now mutilated and bleeding France. To defend her he chose for his life-work the profession of arms. This was a natural choice, as he had breathed an army atmosphere in his father's and in his grandfather's houses. For many generations his family had furnished soldiers to Alsace. At twenty he was graduated from the military school at Saint Cyr, fifth in his class. At twenty-two he was graduated from the school of the General Staff, second in his class.

Even at that time he impressed men with the same modesty, simplicity, calmness, the patient probity, the devotion to duty and its robust expression, the easy grace, the good humor, the "cold head," the absence of pose, which have characterized him since.

He then saw active service, especially in Algiers and Tonkin, where he so distinguished himself that, when only thirty-two, he had already earned the "Étoile des Braves"—the star for bravery coveted by all French soldiers. He had risen to a captaincy and a majorship; now he was made Chief of Battalion, and, when he returned to France, a Professor in the Military College. Then he became under-Chief of a bureau in the War Department, and finally, exactly four years ago, the now Commandant Picquart was appointed to succeed Colonel Sandherr as Chief of the *bureau des renseignments*, or the Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff.

The work of this office is to look out for what is being done by foreign governments in their national defenses, to watch the French frontiers, and to direct the spy service. For this work Commandant Picquart was specially adapted, not only by reason of his Alsatian scrupulousness, discretion, and reserve, but also because of his command of half a dozen languages. His discretion was so great, indeed, that he had been six months Chief of the *bureau des renseignments* before his mother even knew that he had been appointed.

At that time Picquart trusted, as much as did any other soldier, in the justice of French military courts-martial in general, and in that of the Dreyfus court in particular.

He was now advanced to a colonelcy in the Corps de Chasseurs. He was the youngest Colonel in the army.

The new Chief of the Secret Intelligence Bureau had been at his desk nearly a year, when, coming from the German Embassy, a spy brought in one of those little blue pneumatic card-telegrams, so familiar to every one who has lived in France. It was the famous *petit bleu*. It showed that an officer named Esterhazy was secretly corresponding with a German military attaché, Colonel Schwarzkoppen. Investigating the matter, Picquart found some letters written by Esterhazy, and was astounded to discover a similarity between their chirography and that of a certain famous *bordereau* or memorandum, which, in 1894, strangely and significantly enough, had also been found by the same spy. The similarity of writing was soon seen to be an identity. This particular *bordereau* contained information as to army secrets which some traitor had communicated or was about to communicate to a foreign power.

In October, 1894, the *bordereau* had been pronounced by the expert, M. Bertillon, to be in the handwriting of one Captain Alfred Dreyfus. Two days later the latter had been examined by an officer of the General Staff, Colonel du Paty de Clam, and arrested. In December the Dreyfus court martial had occurred. In January, 1895, the unhappy man had gone through the awful ordeal of public degradation, his sword being broken before his face. In February he had been sent as a

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prisoner for life to Devil's Island, off French Guiana, and of course without the faithful wife who had begged to share his fate.

It was now the summer of 1896, and the Dreyfus papers had been long filed away, when Colonel Picquart took them out of their strong box to examine the secret documents. These his predecessor had indicated as furnishing conclusive proof of Dreyfus's guilt, in case the culpability of the prisoner should ever be attacked. What was the new chief's surprise to find that one of these documents applied solely to Esterhazy, while three of the others could not possibly incriminate Dreyfus.

The sum and substance of all was that an innocent man was atoning for the crime of another.

As soon as Picquart became convinced that the supposedly infallible military justice was at least fallible, if not criminal, he informed his superior, General de Boisdeffre, Chief of the General Staff, of his discoveries, adding that "no one document in the lot could withstand five minutes' contradictory evidence." Boisdeffre, needing counsel, sent Colonel Picquart to the General Staff's sub-Chief, General Gonse.

After the latter had taken cognizance of the discoveries, he replied: "There is nothing serious in them. Dreyfus's guilt is established by the decision of the court martial, and you cannot go back on it, substituting Esterhazy for Dreyfus."

To this evident discouragement of his investigation, Picquart re-insisted upon the importance of his discoveries and the necessity of bringing them to light.

"What difference does it make to you whether the Jew is at the Ile du Diable or not?" rejoined Gonse. "You are not there."

"But if he is innocent!" cried Picquart.

To which his superior officer asked in turn, "Would you have us go back on that trial? It would be a terrible affair. Why, the Generals are mixed up in it."

Then Picquart: "My General, if the prisoner is innocent, that itself should suffice to make us return to it. But take another point of view. You know that his family is seeking everywhere to ferret out the guilty person, and, if that person be found, what will our position be?"

The cynical chief dismissed the Colonel with these words: "If you don't say anything about it, no one will know anything about it."

In short, the investigation which Picquart demanded was refused by these two Generals, and resisted by all the underlings of the General Staff. What! should there be a question of the "justice" which they had brought about in '94? They had before suspected their new chief as being "too particular;" they hated him now. They watched him day and night, as cats watch a mouse, fearful as to what sudden spring he might make, as to what he might uncover. They did not propose to be exposed, not they; yet they saw with increasing consternation that their exposer was more and more bent on bringing the true culprit to justice. They said that Picquart now had *l'idée fixe*, and it was true; like Saint Paul, he might have said, "This one thing I do." But what honest man would not have done the same? As Peter, at the University Club in New York, loyally remarked when told that a club member, Mr. Dewey, had won a victory at Manila: "Why, sir, any other gentleman in the club would have done the same."

Picquart finally became conscious of the mutterings and suspicions all about him. He met them serenely but boldly, going straight to the worst his enemies could do. He tried to checkmate them with—"I shall not carry to the tomb the secret of a convict's innocence and an officer's guilt." Then the members of the General Staff became seriously alarmed. They rose up as one man. The persistent efforts of the energetic truth-teller might result in publishing to the world the secret, hitherto jealously guarded, that Dreyfus had been convicted on insufficient evidence, and that Esterhazy ought to be in his place at Devil's Island. The discouragement of Picquart's investigation now became so patent that he knew, not only of certain preferment if he failed to expose the real culprit, but also of the disgrace which would follow if he did but do his duty. He had but to swim with the tide.

He stemmed it.

The Staff saw but one way out, and took it, despicable as was that way. As additional and absolute proof of Dreyfus's guilt, they had a document forged by

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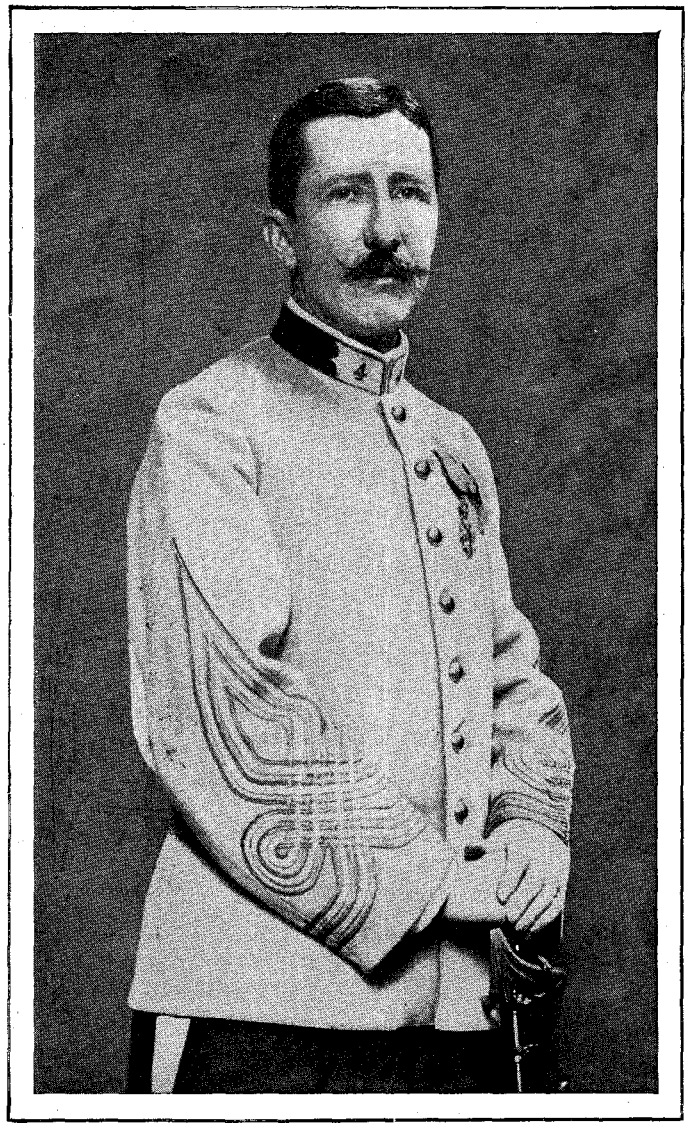

COLONEL GEORGES PICQUART

Commandant Henry. This happened in November, 1896. Then General de Boisdeffre, backed up by the others, complained to the War Minister, General Billot, that the work of the Intelligence Bureau was suffering from the one absorbing idea—the *idée fixe* of its Chief. Under such conditions Colonel Picquart "ought not to be continued in office." General de Boisdeffre therefore proposed to the War Minister that Picquart should be suddenly summoned away on an important mission.

The mission was so important, so delicate and prolonged, as to demand Picquart's removal from office. Of course that was not the real reason, and Picquart was no fool. He knew that the real reason consisted in the fear of him because of his zeal for truth.

The command from the War Minister was, after all, in line with his secret intelligence work. He simply obeyed orders, as any implicitly obedient soldier should do, and went to the west of France to inspect frontier regiments; he was thence ordered to the Italian boundary, then to Algiers, and then to Tunis and the Tripol-

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itan frontier. At last the General Staff had him—a man thoughtless of danger—where they most wanted him, among the hostile Tuaregs. But no Tuareg bullet reached him, as one had reached the Marquis de Morés a short time before.

During the first half of his year of absence Picquart received frequent and affectionate letters from the officers of the General Staff! What were they doing at home? In his headship of the Secret Intelligence Bureau Colonel Picquart had been succeeded by Henry, who, aided by that arch-scoundrel, Colonel du Paty de Clam, did not hesitate to build on the foundation of the forgery already fabricated. This precious pair would nullify Picquart's efforts for Dreyfus by trying to implicate the former in a supposed Jewish plot to substitute Commandant Esterhazy for Dreyfus as the author of the *bordereau*. To this end they accused Picquart of forging the *petit bleu*.

Now, it is true that, from the first, various members of the Dreyfus family had devoted themselves with consummate courage, tact, and perseverance to ferreting out the real culprit. Then, in November, 1896, a writer of Hebrew descent published, in Belgium, a brochure entitled "Une erreur judiciare." In so much, then, there was a Jewish conspiracy; but if ever any conspiracy was justified, that one was justified. It is also true that M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, had early announced his suspicions. These three Dreyfusard movements, then, were working independently. Dreyfus had been convicted in the autumn of 1894, but it was not until three years later that Picquart met Senator Scheurer-Kestner and M. Mathieu Dreyfus, Alfred Dreyfus's brother.

In addition to the foregoing machination in the office of the General Staff, one of its members, Colonel du Paty de Clam, informed Esterhazy of Picquart's investigations, whereupon Esterhazy wrote a fiercely pompous letter to the ex-Chief. Encouraged by one forgery, the Colonel and the Commandant, during Picquart's absence, manufactured quite a stock of incriminating letters and telegrams, with which for a twelvemonth they tried to intimidate him.

When Picquart discovered from Africa that his enemies were stopping at nothing, he unmasked the new Chief of the Intelligence Bureau, Commandant Henry. It was now June, 1896. Henry replied with a threatening letter, which was not his work alone, but was written in collaboration with Generals de Boisdeffre and Gonse. This letter informed Picquart that his discoveries regarding Esterhazy might be turned against himself.

That did not tempt Picquart to compromise with injustice. Warned, however, by the fate of Dreyfus that the General Staff would always be able to do away with any inconvenient man, and would stop at nothing in the doing, he now needed advice as to proper procedure. He consulted an old school friend at the Strassburg *lycée*, Maître Leblois—now an advocate at the Court of Appeal—at the same time conveying to him the minimum of information necessary for defense, but not conveying any information drawn from the Dreyfus secret documents. He also gave to the lawyer a sealed packet containing the proofs of Esterhazy's guilt and of his own innocence, the package to be used in case of his death. Fortunately, Leblois was a friend of Senator Scheurer-Kestner, and ultimately united the three pro-Dreyfus movements into one common endeavor, which has at last resulted in some triumph of justice.

In October, 1897, the Senator had a warning interview with his old friend, General Billot, the War Minister, but all the satisfaction which the Senate's Vice-President could get was the Minister's mechanical repetition of the phrase, "Dreyfus has been justly and legally condemned."

Colonel Picquart had fulfilled his mission of inspection just a year when, in November, 1897, another man discovered by chance the identity of Esterhazy's writing with that of the *bordereau*. This person revealed the secret to M. Mathieu Dreyfus. The latter at once wrote a letter to the Minister and to General Saussier, then Military Governor of Paris, denouncing Esterhazy as the author of the *bordereau*. The Governor selected General de Pellieux to proceed to an investigation. After seeing the proofs of guilt which Leblois had collected, General de Pellieux reported that, really, nothing could be urged against Esterhazy, but that, on the other hand,

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Picquart had been guilty of a grave indiscretion. Pellieux had actually refused, upon general principles and independently of experience, to inform himself concerning Esterhazy. This was apparently too strong even for the War Department, and Pellieux was ordered to make a new investigation. Picquart was summoned from Africa. When he appeared, he learned for the first time of some reports which had long been industriously circulated about him. He was a nerve-paralytic, a spiritualist, a hypnotic: he was either a dupe or a rascal. The last day of the year 1897 was made more than usually gloomy by an official report in favor of not prosecuting Esterhazy.

Despite this, doughty old Saussier, in right of his prerogative, ordered a court martial, because, in his estimation, Esterhazy's defamatory public letters made that necessary. Ten days later, Esterhazy was infamously acquitted, *par ordre*—by the order of the guilty generals. Coming out of court, he was publicly kissed by Prince Henry of Orleans, perhaps as an outward and visible sign of some inward Royalist grace that yet might turn France upside down. By this acquittal Dreyfus was deprived of the obligatory revision of his trial which under the law must have resulted from Esterhazy's condemnation.

The next day Picquart was arrested by the military authorities and held for trial by court martial.

Then it was that there appeared in the "Aurore" the thunderbolt-letter, "J'accuse," from Émile Zola. However brutal some of his books, the great delineator of low life, in the very zenith of his fame, atoned for all that seems awry by that one magnificent defiance. Even the apostle of Calvinism in this country, President Patton, of Princeton, did not hesitate in his last Baccalaureate sermon to extol Zola's civic courage. A month later Zola was tried for this "libelous" letter and sentenced; later the Court of Cassation quashed the sentence.

At the end of February, however, there occurred an even more important event. The imprisoned Picquart was tried and convicted on the first of these four counts:

(1) The communication to his lawyer of information drawn from Esterhazy's memorandum.

(2) The communication of information taken from Dreyfus's memorandum.

(3) Forgery.

(4) Using forgery.

He was sentenced to dismissal from the army, the army which he had loyally served for over a quarter of a century. The trial took place behind closed doors at Mont Valérien, which several months later was to be the scene of a mysterious tragedy, quite as much connected with the Dreyfus affair as was Picquart's conviction. The principal witnesses against Picquart were his five former Intelligence Bureau aids—Henry, Lauth, Gribelin, Valdant, and Junk. The first named did not hesitate to say to his face in court, "Picquart lies," whereupon the latter challenged him to a duel. Just before the duel, Picquart turned to one of his seconds, Senator Ranc, and said: "One ought to be prepared for everything. If I should die, know that I have told the truth, nothing but the truth—and don't forget the unhappy, innocent man who is going to pieces far from here."

Months passed. Just a year ago, M. Cavaignac, then War Minister, tried to confirm Dreyfus's guilt by reading in the Chamber of Deputies three letters which were to show beyond a cavil that justice had been done. The next day he received a communication from Picquart, offering to prove that, of the three letters read, two did not apply to Dreyfus at all and even the third seemed to be a forgery. Colonel Picquart was immediately arrested by the Correctional Police; and not only Picquart, but Maître Leblois also. The latter was arrested so that Picquart might surely be retried, a clause in the French code having been found which permitted such retrial when a civilian was implicated with the previous prisoner. Picquart and Leblois were lodged in the civil prison of La Santé.

A tragic event soon showed that Picquart had spoken the truth. At the end of August, the now Colonel Henry avowed that he had forged the document which M. Cavaignac had caused to be posted all over France, and the genuineness of which he had guaranteed in an impressive speech, as proving the culpability of the prisoner at Devil's Island. It was Henry's turn to be arrested and imprisoned at Mont Valérien. The next day he committed

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suicide, or was forced to do so, or was murdered. At all events, the tool, a razor, found in his cell, was evidently left there for that purpose.

Henry had been the chief witness at the Dreyfus trial in 1894, and his testimony preponderatingly influenced the decision, since he furnished the "found" memorandum on which Dreyfus was condemned. Yet by Henry's confession in 1898 he was shown to have been a forger in 1896, and this of course entirely clouded his own testimony two years before. Here was an immediate reason to call for a revision of the Dreyfus judgment, for Henry had been deputed to give evidence in the name of the Secret Information Bureau itself.

Of course the forgery discredited all the generals who had been connected with the General Staff and the War Department. Such, however, is the love of change in France, its lack of moral base, above all its vanity, that, after the benefit of nearly thirty years of a Republic in sobering the French, more than half the people were apparently ready to fling themselves at the feet of those discredited chiefs. For did not they wear the proudest livery of France? Never mind about the conscience beneath that livery—did not they represent all that the French mean by "la gloire," a word seemingly dearer to them than consistency or morality or manliness? Even such a grotesque specimen of a general as Boulanger nearly brought about a dictatorship. What might he not have done during more recent years, when army-adoration became apparently an essential in French citizenship?

Five days after Henry's suicide, Cavaignac resigned and was succeeded by General Zurlinden. Within a day or two thereafter Esterhazy had fled from France. In mid-September the untried and imprisoned Colonel Picquart wrote to M. Sarrien, Minister of Justice, demanding at least a little of that commodity. The Brisson Cabinet was more than half disposed to grant it. On that, the new War Minister, Zurlinden, resigned, being opposed to a revision of the Dreyfus case. He even had the effrontery to say: "Nothing has been discovered to justify the presumption of the court martial's wrong sentence, whereas, on the other hand, fresh proofs of Dreyfus's guilt have been found." One would fancy that he had never heard of Esterhazy! General de Boisdeffre might have enlightened General Zurlinden—Boisdeffre, to whom Esterhazy wrote: "If I have not succumbed during this monstrous campaign, it is to you alone that I owe it." However, even his acquittal did not save Esterhazy from dismissal from the army—a traitor on his own confession.

By a strange turn, General Zurlinden became Governor of Paris, and in this capacity officially rearrested the already arrested Picquart and Leblois. They were already arraigned for trial when a warrant was sent from the War Office charging the former with forgery, and both with having used forged documents—the second half of the original four counts on which Picquart had not been tried by the previous court. Fearing, however, that the civil power might free him from this charge, and that a civil prison was not strong enough to hide Picquart and his secrets, the Governor, by an unprecedented and unwarranted stroke, suddenly removed him from La Santé to the military prison of Cherche-Midi. History does not chronicle any more outrageous violation of the civil law by military force.

At the trial, Picquart had asked permission to say a word. This granted, he—anticipating that he might be done away with as he believed Henry had been—thus warned the court: "This is probably the last time when I shall be allowed to say a word in public. I am now to be incarcerated at Cherche-Midi. If I shall be found dead, and if there shall be discovered in my cell the rope of Lemercier-Picard [a murdered spy], or the razor of Henry, I shall have been assassinated, for I am not the kind of a man who commits suicide. I now go with the same serenity which I have always had in the face of my accusers."

But Paris took little notice.

At the end of September, Premier Brisson referred the Dreyfus verdict to the Court of Cassation as worthy of revision, because of "new facts unknown at the first trial;" and a month later that Court began its work.

In the Cherche-Midi Picquart waited for a new trial, which was continually deferred on one pretext or another. In

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November last he was called upon to give his testimony in the Dreyfus revision case then pending. Directly this testimony was given, the Military Governor of Paris (Zurlinden) ordered the Picquart court martial to sit, the evident object being to convict the prisoner as a forger, and thus discredit his testimony before the Court of Cassation. In this, however, General Zurlinden reckoned without his host. The Court immediately ordered the court martial indefinitely postponed. Picquart was remanded to prison. Yet no undignified complaint proceeded from him. His honor is as soldierlike as any man's. If it were necessary for the good of the army that he be sacrificed, he would not hesitate, if only he were sure that by this means some steps might be taken toward repairing a criminal error. Fortunately for France, the army is not made up of a chosen few with pet ambitions to gratify, and possibly darling sins to cover up; for what are the real soldiers of France? They are all the sons of France. Nor did Picquart have the grim satisfaction of knowing that the people outside were beginning to understand him. Out of the large number of newspapers in Paris—and no city has a larger—there were but half a dozen which aggressively espoused his cause. True, most Protestants were for him, but what were they among so many Catholics? The clericals were as solidly against him as against Dreyfus. Through all changes, however, the lofty loyalty of his friend Senator Trarieux, once Minister of Justice, never wavered. The two men represent the uplands not only of political liberalism but also of austere devotion to duty.

Early in February last the Court concluded its inquiry prefatory to revision. Then occurred two sensational events in the journalistic as well as in the military and political worlds. Esterhazy published long confessions in the London "Daily Chronicle" and in the London "Observer," while in Paris the "Figaro" began a revelation of the testimony elicited by the Court of Cassation. This infuriated the anti-Picquart people. Their papers suppressed or modified the damning passages in the testimonies as they printed them. There now occurred another significant event. M. Locrimier, Colonel Henry's private secretary, committed suicide.

Finally, at the beginning of last month, the United Courts of Cassation declared that the *bordereau* was not written by Dreyfus, but by Esterhazy. On that day Picquart had been imprisoned no less than three hundred and thirty days because he had said the same thing.

He was released from bondage.

Well, three hundred and thirty days is less than what Picquart himself thought he might suffer. A year ago he said: "In these times one can't count on the impartiality of justice. I shall probably have four or five years of prison."

A few days later Dreyfus was removed from Devil's Island, and was taken to France, and to hoped-for vindication.

Later still, the Chamber of Indictments decided that there was no case against Picquart or Leblois. It declared the charges entirely incompatible with the judgment recently rendered by the Court of Cassation, and that, therefore, there was no case against them.

No one has been prosecuted as Picquart has been for defending Dreyfus and for letting the light in upon the foul work of Esterhazy and others. Zola, Clemenceau, and Reinach are among those who have been before the courts because of their outspokenness in this matter, but no one of these was imprisoned for nearly a year on trumpery charges. During all this time Picquart had the manliness to withstand every pressure toward covering up the truth. His honesty and bravery have been amply proven. His was an intelligent honesty and his an intelligent bravery. His eyes were wide open, not only to the truth, which has now happily become evident to most people in France, but also to the certain risks he was running. Let us hope that his countrymen will remember that he has been no ordinary hero and martyr, and, in a characteristic generosity in acknowledging injustice, demand for him an exalted rank in the army he has served so well.

As Zola said, in his prophetic letter to President Faure, "Truth is marching on." In a world too full of inhumanities, it is a satisfaction to record any triumph of Right over Wrong. To the righting of one of the greatest wrongs of this end of the century, as well as to its most absorbing romance, Georges Picquart has contributed the lion's share.

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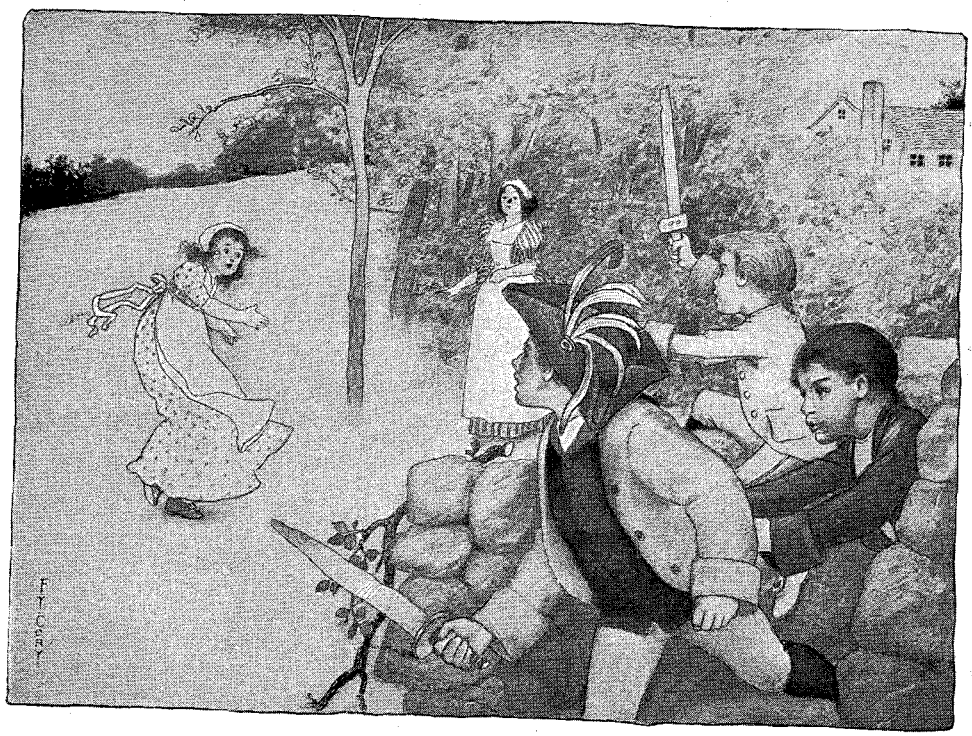
FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Escape from the Fort

By Mary Allaire

The little gray house stood on the edge of the clearing. The village was a mile away on the west, while the nearest neighbor was almost a mile away on the other side. The children in the little house were never lonely, for there were eight of them—the youngest five and the eldest thirteen. They worked and played together; they did everything in pairs—went after the cows, weeded the garden, washed dishes, darned and knitted stockings in groups at night. They knew nothing of boys' work or girls' work; each did what he was told, or helped his "chum," for, even if they were brothers and sisters, each had his choice companion.

These little children lived in Connecticut long, long ago, when England sent over her soldiers to make the colonists obedient. The children in those days took sides with their parents, and in the little school-house down the road near the river there were "Tories"—those who wanted a king—and "Continentals"—those who wanted independence. The feeling was not friendly when the big boys and girls discussed affairs under the trees at recess.

Mr. Hitchcock's children, from "the house on the plain," as it was called, belonged to the Continentals; they knew that if war really came their father would join the army and fight against the British. The oldest boy, William, had long ago announced that he would go too, which announcement always made his chum, Alice, pale. When she saw her father give William a gun and go off into the woods, she knew then that if war came William would go, for the firing in the

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woods was so regular, and always from the same place; William was practicing, learning to use a gun. But these children forgot the war for days at a time; "Tory" and "Continental" sat side by side at school in the most friendly manner. The games in the yard were played with no thought of war, of Tory or Continental. Saturdays, when all the work was done, William and Alice, Hannah and Robert, Clara and Edward, Polly and Silas, played games, among the most popular of which was "soldiers." Down by the creek one Saturday a fort was built, and that engaged all the force. The carrying of stones, the making of the stockade, kept the eight busy. At last it was done, but there was nobody to fight. No one was willing to be a British soldier. The mere suggestion brought on the signs of a real war. William was General, of course. Alice had made his epaulets of red cotton, and the cockade in his hat of rooster's feathers. His sword was beaten out of an old pan. All this bravery and no enemies to fight! Clara—fat, good-natured, the one who was willing always to do what no one else would do to make their games go—announced that she was willing to be a Tory. This was a great concession, and gave promise of sport.

At once William met the opportunity like a General. The fort was defended by the Continentals; all the women and children had taken refuge there. All were supposed to be Continentals, but there was one Tory, a woman who was going to help the British capture the town. This Tory was to open the gate and slip out to the captain of the British soldiers and tell him how to enter the fort and capture the people. There were no British, so the Tory must be captured. Besides, for one to get outside the fort and away would show that the sentry did not do his duty, that he was asleep. The Tory must get outside the fort, and try to get away. Being discovered, she must defiantly shout, "I am a Tory!" and run, pursued by the General and his forces, who were to be cheered by their people in the fort.

The plan was greeted with enthusiasm.

The garrison, the women and the children, all lay down for the night. The sentry nodded at his post. The Tory crept nearer and nearer the gate; a stick lay on the ground; she pushed it aside, wriggled through, and, stooping low, began creeping over the ground. The sentry started up, discovered the figure creeping toward the woods, raised his gun, a stout branch with a bent twig for the trigger, which snapped with a beautiful sound, and roused all in the fort. "I am a Tory!" was shouted back in Clara's loudest voice, as she stood up straight and ran faster for the woods.

"Are you?" she was asked in an angry voice, and Clara's mother stood before her with red cheeks and flashing eyes. Clara was seized by the shoulder, and marched before her mother toward home, all the garrison following, conquered and not knowing why. When the house was reached, Clara and her mother disappeared within; the garrison and the rest of the people from the fort, including the rag dolls and the ones made from sticks, sat on the fence and the grass beneath it, Dobbin and Gray looking over the bars at the silent group plainly anxious to know the reason of this unusual experience.

The sounds from the upper chamber made the garrison and the women and children more sad. William shut his hands several times, Alice rubbed her eyes, while Polly threw her precious rag baby on the ground, and cried so loudly that her mother appeared at the door. She called to the garrison and the people to come to the house. A solemn procession of seven marched at her order. When the mother had wiped Polly's eyes, straightened the doll's clothes so that her head was visible, and kissed Polly, she stood up, and, facing the children, said: "I want it understood that there are no Tory children in this family, not even in a game."

Then she went into the house, and before the children Clara was convicted of a great crime; on the whole, they were quite ashamed of Clara, or were until Alice caught a glimpse of a tear-stained face pressed against the window in the garret, and then the culprit seemed to be some one else. It was very confusing.

William and Alice went after the cows. They had strayed off near the ridge, by the sound of the bells.

Polly and Silas went down to the creek, and nearly drowned the rag doll, because they put her on a raft much too small for a lady of her weight.

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Hannah, Robert, and Edward, Clara's chum, settled down on the grass near the currant-bushes, in sight of the garret window, and Edward's antics made Clara smile, which was all the reward he wanted.

At tea-time Clara had two helpings of apple-sauce and the largest piece of gingerbread, warm and delicious.

The next time their mother went to town she left Polly, the five-year-old baby, with Alice for the first time, and took Clara.

The fort by the creek was strengthened and the stockade enlarged, but it never sheltered any Tories; the attacking party were always Indians.

In the Hitchcock family there never was another Tory—Clara blushed at the word—all were Continentals.

The Boy who Plants Seeds

The small boy who lives across the street looks like a picture of Puck, full of fun and frolic. When he moved into the neighborhood, everybody was glad to see him. Now, sad to relate, everybody would be glad to have him move away. This state of mind did not come all at once; it grew, like a plant, and the small boy sowed the seed. First it was the grocer-boy who hoped he would move. The small boy sowed the seed of that wish by throwing stones at the horse when the grocer-boy went in the houses to deliver goods. The horse ran away, and some eggs were broken and milk spilled. Fortunately, the small boy was frightened, and behaved well for a week or more when the horse from the grocer's was in the neighborhood. The next seed sown by the small boy was in the heart of the mother of the baby. Every day the baby is waked from her nap by the small boy. Sometimes he pounds on the fence with a stick; sometimes he runs up and down yelling and screaming in front of the house; sometimes he kicks a tin can along the walk: one thing is certain—the baby is never asleep long before the small boy wakes her. Next he sowed a wish-seed in the mind of the lady who owns a dog. The dog, before he came, could run out-of-doors alone. He cannot now; the small boy beats him with a stick, or torments him by throwing stones at him, or shuts him in the vestibule. The lady who owns the dog is afraid that some day the dog will bite the small boy, so she stays out-of-doors with him. The wish-seed in her mind is very strong and big. But now, in everybody in the neighborhood the wish-seed is sown and growing very strong and tall. Every day, and at intervals all day, the small boy is firing off torpedoes, and caps in a pistol. There is never a minute's peace. All day, bang! bang! bang! The baby does not sleep at all, and is getting so white and fretful. The dog refuses to go out in the daytime. The grocers and butchers put extra men on the wagons when they come in the neighborhood. Everybody dislikes the small boy, dislikes him so much that he no longer looks jolly and fun-loving to them; he looks like a disagreeable person who does not care about anybody but himself.

Another thing: when Fourth of July comes, all the other little boys who have been saving their money to buy firecrackers, torpedoes, caps, and pin-wheels for that day will have a jolly, fun-making day. This small boy will not, for he will have grown tired of Fourth of July fun, he will have grown tired of the things the other boys have.

Perhaps you have met this small boy who plants this wish-seed of "Do move away." You must feel sorry for him, for he has no neighborhood friends, and that is sad. It may be that if you would tell him about the wish-seed he is planting, he would stop sowing that kind of seed in the neighborhood.

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Books and Authors

Mr. Stanton's Life[1]

Mr. Gorham's life of Edwin M. Stanton is a lawyer's biography of his client. The author cannot forget that the subject of his biography has been under fire, that the question as to who is responsible for the military failures in the first two years of the Civil War is still, in the minds of many, unsolved, that the responsibility lies between Stanton and McClellan, that McClellan and his friends charge it upon Stanton, and that the latter can be relieved of the charge only by a counter-charge placing it upon McClellan. From the beginning to the end of his study it is Mr. Gorham's object to defend his client, and to do this by showing that the blame rests, not on the Secretary of War, but on the General commanding in the field. The author's mind has been so preoccupied with this aspect of the case that he has left us in almost absolute ignorance as to Mr. Stanton's conduct of much of the legitimate business of his department. Mr. Stanton truly says, in his letter to his old pastor: "Plunderers have been driven from the department where they were gorging millions." No doubt when Mr. Stanton was called to his office the War Department was honeycombed with fraud and carried on for the benefit of speculators and contractors. What Stanton did to rid it of these enemies to their country Mr. Gorham does not tell us; what he did to secure honest contracts, good equipment, prompt transportation, in a word, that efficiency of administration in the department without which the genius of Grant and Sherman would have been in vain, we do not learn. The author is too absorbed in the trial of his client and in the task of securing for him a public verdict to attend to such prosaic matters as these. But just now these would be of practical importance as well as of public interest.

Our judgment that Mr. Gorham has made out his case for his client does not modify our judgment that his book is a lawyer's plea rather than a judicial history. But, so regarded, it is a valuable contribution to the history of the time, and he who wishes to form a trustworthy judgment concerning the Stanton-McClellan controversy will now have the material by comparing this life with McClellan's "Own Story." In our judgment, Mr. Stanton was a great Secretary of War, and General McClellan was not a great general; he was a great organizer, but he had not that kind of courage which hazards defeat in order to win success. What General Grant has said of Stanton was emphatically true of McClellan: "He could see our weakness, but he could not see that the enemy was in danger." To overrate an enemy's strength is as dangerous as to underrate it; and McClellan always overrated it. On the other hand, Stanton was a great War Secretary, though certainly not without serious defects. Mr. Gorham insists that he did not interfere with military operations in the field. "No general," he says, "who wanted to fight the enemy ever found himself embarrassed with advice from Stanton as to the best way to fight." Mr. Stanton practically made the same affirmation. "I was not," he says, "a military man, and while he [McClellan] was in command, I would not interfere with his plan, and gave him every aid to execute it." But General Grant in his autobiography does not confirm these statements. It was, says Grant of Stanton, "his natural disposition to assume all power and control in the matters that he had anything whatever to do with;" and again: "Mr. Lincoln was not timid, and he was willing to trust his generals in making and executing their plans. Mr. Stanton was very timid, and it was impossible for him to avoid interfering with the armies covering the capital when it was sought to defend it by an offensive movement against the army guarding the Confederates' capital." Mr. Gorham's brief will not remove the public impression which such statements as these from General Grant have confirmed. Mr. Stanton was naturally combative, and all the combativeness of his nature was aroused and inflamed by the experiences in which he lived and the responsibilities

[1] *Life and Public Services of Edwin M. Stanton.* By George C. Gorham. With Portraits, Maps, and Facsimiles of Important Letters. In Two Volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $6.

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which he bore. He began his public career as a loyal defender of the Nation in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, while it still contained traitors to the Nation which they pretended to serve. In the earlier history of his career under Lincoln he was surrounded by men, and influential men, who desired to fight the war so gently that it might at last be settled by a compromise. It was even claimed for General McClellan by some of his newspaper friends in the North that it was his purpose so to conduct the campaign that the South would not be humiliated by a too overwhelming defeat, and memory would not be left to rankle in the minds of generations to follow. At such a time and under such circumstances it is not strange that the Secretary of War was distraught by a distrust which was easily mistaken for timidity by one who did not know him well. It is certain that this timidity was not for himself, but for the Nation, and was due, not to fear of open foes in front, but of a fire in the rear. His patience with General McClellan's protracted inaction was extraordinary, considering how impatient was his nature; no personal or political influence ever operated to swerve him from the course which he believed would most speedily re-establish the sovereignty of the Nation over all the National territory; and no general ever had ground for accusing him of giving a half-hearted or inadequate support to any forward movement which seemed to be directed to secure that result.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending June 16. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

BIOGRAPHY

George Henry Lewes's *Life of Maximilien Robespierre* was issued fifty years ago, and at the time of its publication was of special interest, not only by reason of the freshness and vivacity with which Mr. Lewes invested every subject he treated, but also because it contained extracts from Robespierre's unpublished correspondence. This work is now reprinted, with a portrait of Robespierre, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York).

Clara Tschudi, the Norwegian author of *Eugénie: Empress of the French*, draws a veil over a few of the more glaring defects in her subject's temperament, but, as a rule, while she writes in a kindly spirit, she does not ignore history to the point of adulation. Like the same author's "Marie Antoinette," this book is written in a distinctly popular and pleasing style, with little attempt at close historical narrative, but with careful attention to the picturesque, the dramatic, and the anecdotal. The work is admirably translated by E. M. Cope, and contains a charming colored print from the famous portrait in the Versailles galleries. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Lady Louisa Stuart: Selections from her Manuscripts. Lady Stuart, the daughter of the Earl of Bute, Prime Minister in the early reign of George III., died in 1857 at the great age of ninety-four, so that her life covered very nearly the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries. She wrote voluminously, for her own pleasure solely, and now there have been chosen from her unpublished manuscripts many paragraphs, passages, and letters, which, taken together, give an agreeable and gossipy series of pen-pictures of the society of her day. There are times when one is irresistibly reminded of the sprightly Miss Burney, and there are pages which are quite worthy of "Evelina." Not least interesting are the letters to and about Sir Walter Scott. Lady Louisa was one of the few who knew the secret of the authorship of the Waverley Novels almost from the first. Editor and publishers have certainly also made a find well worth printing in the lively descriptions of the family life of John, Duke of Argyll, Lady Louisa's grandfather, and in the often satirical literary silhouettes of his contemporaries. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

POETRY AND ART

The latest addition to the revised and enlarged edition of *The Works of Lord Byron* coming from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) is the second volume devoted to his poetry, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, and containing "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" complete. The text of this edition is based upon a careful collation of the

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Library Edition of 1855, with a number of original manuscripts and transcriptions. Byron's own notes to the First, Second, and Third Cantos, and Hobhouse's note to the Fourth Canto, are printed at the end of each Canto, supplemented by editorial notes, and by notes illustrative of Byron's notes. The poet's own notes to the Fourth Canto are printed as footnotes. Hobhouse's "Historical Notes" are reproduced without change. In the preparation of the notes all the existing material in the way of manuscripts and earlier editions has been used; and the volume, both in its text and in its commentary, embodies the greatest accessible correctness and the most complete, trustworthy information.

For the purpose, the author informs us, of awakening an interest in Greek sculpture in boys and girls, and providing for older people a convenient compendium of information when examining collections, Albinia Wherry has prepared, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) have published, a handsomely illustrated volume entitled *Greek Sculpture with Story and Song*. The title indicates the scope of the work, which not only gives a historical account of Greek sculpture, but introduces the myths relating to the gods and heroes, with descriptions of the principal temples, some accounts of recent excavations, incidents and anecdotes connected with the statues, and an anthology of verse from both ancient and modern sources relating either to the statues or to the myths. The volume is profusely illustrated.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

A convenient and desirable manual of reference for a student of the Bible is *The Land of Israel: A Text-Book on the Physical and Historical Geography of the Holy Land, Embodying the Results of Recent Research*, by Professor Robert Laird Stewart, of Lincoln University, Pa. Dr. Stewart's studies of the subject have included a personal tour through Palestine, as well as a collation of the works of other explorers and writers, and his book is planned upon lines of practical utility which have been tested in his work as a teacher. It is furnished with many maps and illustrations, and makes close connection throughout between the geography and the history of the land. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

Mr. Froude's attempt to alter the verdict of history upon Henry VIII. has been repeated by the Rev. P. Spencer Whitman, D.D., upon some Old Testament characters. In his book, *Scripture Worthies, Their Characters Viewed in a New Light*, he would persuade us that Jacob, for instance, did not lie to Isaac when personating Esau, nor Rahab to the King of Jericho when interrogated about the spies, and that Tamar's adventure with Judah was a legitimate marriage. We think that such attempts, though well intended, are to be deprecated as likely to do more harm than good. The special pleading—we had almost said the jesuitical reasoning—here employed is not unlikely to cast in some minds a shadow of suspicion upon Christian apologetics in general. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Book of Job is the latest that we have seen in the series of Oxford Commentaries edited by Professor Walter Lock. The Introduction and Notes are by the Rev. Edgar C. S. Gibson, D.D., and are well suited to the ordinary needs of educated laymen. The text is that of the Revised Version, with express preference for its marginal renderings, the common version being "hopelessly obscure." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

No one versed in the history of human enlightenment will deny that the world is deeply indebted to its freethinkers, whether in science, ethics, or religion. A judicially written history of their contributions to the world's progress is a desideratum. But it is not in the volume entitled *A Short History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern*, by Mr. John M. Robertson. This covers an extensive field—ancient religions, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity—but is most largely concerned with freethought in Christendom during the past four centuries. The author labors under an equal limitation with one who might write a book on religion with contempt for every religion but his own. There does not seem to be any real freethought to-day except in the group of minds represented by Mr. Robertson, who are distinctively anti-theistic. That there is no more of it is charged to an opposing social and economic pressure, which not many have

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courage to withstand. Mr. Robertson's storehouse of facts is ample, but requires close scrutiny on the reader's part, both as to the facts and the estimate put upon them. President Lincoln is represented as "certainly a non-Christian deist, and an agnostic deist at that." That the United States Constitution excludes all mention of Deity shows "a profound change" from the beliefs of an earlier time; but the appeal of the Declaration of 1776 to Deity only eleven years earlier is ignored. A historian, and especially a historian of human thought, is fatally handicapped by lack of imagination. Mr. Robertson's lack may be estimated by his inability to see any underlying harmony or any possible reconciliation of verbally dissonant sayings of Jesus. Among many specimens he cites such as these: "The doctrine, 'the kingdom of God is within you,' side by side with promises of the speedy arrival of the Son of man, whose coming = the kingdom of God; the frequent profession to supersede the Law, and the express declaration that not one jot or tittle thereof is to be superseded; alternate promise and denial of temporal blessings (Matthew vi., 33; xix., 29; x., 34–39); contradictory precepts as to limitation and non-limitation of forgiveness (Matthew xviii., 17, 22)." No valuable historical judgment can be depended on from one incapable of imagining how a single mind could so variously express itself in varying conditions and points of view. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A recent and a decidedly valuable addition to missionary literature is the Rev. Donald MacDougall's book, *The Conversion of the Maoris*. The Maoris, natives of New Zealand, were cannibals at the beginning of this century, when English missionaries visited them. To-day there are four Maori members of the New Zealand Parliament, though not yet is there one American Indian in our Congress. "The Maori," says Mr. MacDougall, "is as much a citizen of New Zealand as the European." They are often well educated, accomplished, and successful in affairs. As a sketch of social progress rapidly effected by British Christianity in a barbarous land the book deserves to be widely read. A sketch of Samoan affairs up to date is added, of special interest just now. (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.)

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

Two books of signal importance concerning our new West Indian interests have just appeared. The first is the Hon. Robert P. Porter's *Industrial Cuba*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) It is an admirable study of the island for the commercialist or for the economist. As every one knows, there are many opportunities in Cuba for our enterprise, labor, and investment; what is not so well known, however, is just where the opportunities are. Incidentally Mr. Porter tells us about them as he discusses the problems of population, sanitation, municipal governments, banks, customs tariffs and internal revenues, agriculture, lumber, transportation. Mr. Porter's position as Special Commissioner for the United States in Cuba lends a decided weight to his statements. The ample index, the clearly drawn maps, and the effective illustrations add much to the volume's value. The second book is *Puerto Rico: Its Conditions and Possibilities*. This is the work of Mr. William Dinwiddie, the well-known correspondent of "Harper's Weekly." Like the preceding book for Cuba, Mr. Dinwiddie's for Puerto Rico is a valuable survey of the field for investment and industrial enterprise. Intending investors or workers may gain much up-to-date information about the proper methods of conducting sugar, coffee, tobacco, and small-fruit plantations. There is also much of interest to be learned concerning manufacturing, transportation, dairy-farming, and cattle-raising. Some of the illustrations in this volume have a distinct atmospheric charm. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Side Lights on American History, by Henry W. Elson, is an exceptionally readable volume of stories from American history covering the period from the Declaration of Independence to the Lincoln-Douglas debates on the eve of the Civil War. The volume is not intended as a substitute for ordinary school histories, but as a supplement of them, and it is admirably adapted to its purpose. The most significant events, as well as the most picturesque, are singled out and portrayed in greater and more lifelike

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detail than is possible in a compendium, and the reader is thus given a clearer insight into his country's history as well as a livelier interest therein. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Social History of Flatbush, and Manners and Customs of the Dutch Settlers in Kings County, by Gertrude Lefferts Vanderbilt, is one of those special studies in local history which are of value both as opening up the sources of larger history and as indicating the deepening and widening of historical interest in this country. This volume has to do with a highly characteristic Dutch community, the story of which is faithfully told in a series of chapters which practically cover the history of the little village for so many years an outpost of Brooklyn. Gardens, forms of worship, social customs, furniture, and domestic service are some of the subjects which the author has investigated, and which she uses to bring into clear view the form of social life. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Books for Vacation

Mr. James MacArthur's illustrated article on this subject, which will be found elsewhere in this number, speaks of recent books of special interest to those who are planning their summer reading. We add here to the list of these books the names of the publishers and the prices. We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to print the illustration from Governor Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders."

The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Reminiscences. Justin McCarthy. Harper & Brothers. $4.50.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. Harper & Brothers. 2 Vols. $5.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $3.

The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.

Idylls of the Sea. Frank T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The Rough Riders. Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Masques and Mummers. Charles F. Nirdlinger. De Witt Publishing Co.

Nature Studies in Berkshire. John Coleman Adams. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

How to Know the Ferns. Frances T. Parsons. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A Guide to the Wild Flowers. Alice Lounsbury. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Children of the Mist. Eden Phillpotts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Greater Inclination. Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A Double Thread. By Ellen T. Fowler. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

The Fowler. Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Swallow. H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

A Tent of Grace. Adelina Cohnfeldt Lust. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Men's Tragedies. R. V. Risley. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Strong Hearts. G. W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Conjure Woman. Charles W. Chesnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Books Received

For the week ending June 23

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILA.
Lorimer, George C. Christianity as a World-Power.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Irish, Cyrus W. Qualitative Analysis. 50 cts.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Heilprin, Angelo. Alaska and the Klondike. $1.75.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASS'N, CHICAGO
Champness, Rev. Thomas. Tales of Adventure from an Old Book.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK
Capes, Bernard. At a Winter's Fire. $1.25.
Kipling, Rudyard. Departmental Ditties and Barrack-Room Ballads. $1.50.
From Sea to Sea. In Two Volumes. $2.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Aitken, W. Hay M. H. The Romance of Christian Work and Experience. $2.
Temple, Frederick, D.D. Helps to Godly Living. Selected and Arranged by J. H. Burn. $1.25.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Homer's Odyssey. Edited by Richard A. Minckwitz. 40 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Stephens, W. Walker. Higher Life for Working People. $1.25.
Alexander, S. A. The Christianity of St. Paul. $1.25.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Sidney, Margaret. The Stories Polly Pepper Told to the Five Little Peppers. $1.50.
Munroe, Kirk. Shine Terrill. $1.25.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Maddison, Isabel. Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities, with Special Mention of the Courses Open to Women.
Hart, Albert Bushnell. Source-Book of American History. 50 cts.
Milton's Comus, Lycidas, and Other Poems. Edited by Andrew J. George.
Shakespeare, William, The Works of. Edited by C. H. Herford. In Ten Vols. Vol. V. $1.50. (The Eversley Edition.)
Brandes, George. Henrik Ibsen; Björnstjerne Björnson. Critical Studies. $2.50.
Ewart, K. Dorothea. Cosimo de' Medici. 75 cts.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, ME.
Khayyám, Omar. Rubáiyát. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. 25 cts. (Vest Pocket Edition.)

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK
Harben, Will N. The Caruthers Affair.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Cragin, Belle S. Our Insect Friends and Foes. $1.75.
Bruce, Miner. Alaska. $2.50.
Davis, Lucius D. Ornamental Shrubs. $3.50.

ROYCROFT SHOP, EAST AURORA, N. Y.
Hubbard, Elbert. A Message to Garcia.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
What Women Can Earn. By Grace H. Dodge, Major J. B. Pond, and Others. $1.
Barr, Robert. The Strong Arm. $1.25.

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The Religious World

The increasing responsibilities of a steadily growing and really metropolitan parish have led the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., to resign the special responsibility for this Department, communications for which should hereafter simply be addressed to The Outlook. The Editors gladly recognize the breadth of view, the care in gathering and gleaning in many fields, and the generous appreciation of Christian workers of all classes which have characterized this Department under Dr. Bradford's administration, and intend that the Department shall be continued on the same lines and in the same spirit. We shall still have Dr. Bradford's co-operation from time to time in communications, editorial and otherwise.

The Andover Creed

The statement of the Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary does all that can be done, other than by legal action, to exempt the Professors of that Seminary from the binding force of a literal interpretation of the creed. They declare that in reading and subscribing to this creed it should be borne in mind that its terms relate to long-forgotten controversies, and are to be interpreted in the light of that fact, and that it is sufficient if the candidate states the doctrinal views in his own words, and they are found by the Visitors and Trustees to be in harmony with the spirit of the creed. "By implication," says the "Congregationalist," "we understand that the new and older professors will be expected hereafter to stand in relation to what is really obsolete in the creed, as in relation to what is obsolete in the sentence specified. If any object to this Christian and reasonable position, they may make their sentiments known to the Visitors and Trustees." This action transfers the responsibility for the modern and liberal interpretation of the creed from the Professors, with whom it does not belong, to the Visitors and Trustees, with whom it does belong.

Amherst on the Foreign Field

One of the most interesting of all the parts of the programme of the Commencement of Amherst College was the missionary service last Sunday evening. It was remarkable in at least two respects—viz., as a celebration of the service of the venerable Elias Riggs, D.D., who for seventy years has been engaged in the foreign missionary field; and because it was presided over by the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., President of the Protestant College at Beyrout in Syria. Seldom does any audience have the privilege of honoring two such missionary heroes as Drs. Bliss and Riggs, the former of whom has been engaged in his work for fifty-four years. The work of both has been largely educational. Dr. Riggs is best known as a translator of the Scriptures into Bulgarian and Turkish. His home has been at Constantinople. Dr. Bliss is practically the creator of the College of which he has so long been the President. Its influence is a constant benediction in Syria and the countries contiguous. Few men of any land or of any walk in life, statesmen, soldiers, scholars, have exerted so large and enduring an influence in molding the civilization of the world as the two men who were so fittingly honored by their Alma Mater. Others have been more in the attention of the public, but none have done a more lasting or beneficent work. The address on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., himself an alumnus of the College.

Canadian Congregationalism

The recent meeting of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec at Brantford was in some respects rather an epoch-making gathering in the history of the Canadian churches. Though the New Theology had been several times championed at former Unions, it never received definite outline in any official utterance. The Rev. J. W. Pedley, of London, gave the annual address from the chair on the "Minister's Burden." Other speakers, too, made prominent the more advanced thinking of to-day. Among these might be named the Rev. J. K. Unsworth, of Scotland, on "The Young Man and the Church;" the Rev. Professor Warriner, D.D., of Montreal, on "Our Attitude as Congregationalists toward Higher Criticism;" and the Rev. F. J. Day, of Sherbrooke, on "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." The Rev. Morgan

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Wood, of Toronto, also sounded the note of progress in thought and action at the educational meeting and in the annual sermon. For several years this growing liberalism has been manifest in the Congregational press and platform of Canada, and the recent Union marked its undisputed place in a representative gathering of the churches. But social as well as theological claims are receiving attention at the hands of Canadian Congregationalism. No Union during recent years has passed without some reference to these questions, and here again was one of the aspects of the Minister's Burden as described by the chairman at the later gathering. "The Ideal State and How to Reach It" was also the subject of a practical paper by the Rev. R. Hopkins, of Montreal, who later moved a resolution by which the Union committed itself to active interest in all sociological movements which look to the well-being of man. Resolutions, too, were placed on record favoring Sunday observance and the further increase of temperance activity. The more immediate work of the churches also showed a forward movement. The report of the college at Montreal told of the addition of another professor to the teaching staff and the endowment of still another chair. The Home Missionary Society reported the appointment of a superintendent, and his work during the seven months of office.

General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States

This body held its triennial sessions in the First Reformed Church of Tiffin, Ohio, from May 23 to June 1 of the present year. The Reformed Church in the United States, though not one of the largest, is one of the oldest of Christian denominations in the United States. Originally of German, Swiss, and French origin, it has now become thoroughly American in language and feeling. Its membership, numbering nearly half a million souls, while scattered over most of the States of the Union, is found mainly in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Virginia, North Carolina, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Iowa. The Confession of Faith of this branch of the Reformed Church is the Heidelberg Catechism, which it holds in high honor, but construes liberally. In worship it is moderately liturgical, while in polity it is presbyterial. The theological position and tendency of this Church are well expressed in the report on the state of the Church adopted at Tiffin. Speaking of the reports on this subject coming from the Classes, the committee says: "We perceive in them a vein of thankfulness for the broad and catholic spirit of our Church, on the part of both ministers and people, as manifested and maintained in the attitude we occupy, and always have occupied since the days of Zwingli, towards all other branches of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Nor is there wanting evidence that the same free spirit is manifest in that liberal tendency in our theology which, while seeking sacredly to conserve the old, is yet able and willing also to make room for that which is legitimately new." In consequence of this liberal spirit the Reformed Church has for a long time not had any heresy trials, and could not now have any. When a speaker on the floor of the late Synod referred to this fact, and said that he thanked God for it, the sentiment was received with general applause. Dr. P. Schaff, when a member of this Church, was once tried for heresy and triumphantly acquitted. That was more than half a century ago; and since then all the Church has probably learned something.

The Reformed Church has under its care a number of educational and theological institutions, the leading ones being located at Lancaster, Pa., and at Tiffin, Ohio, where the Synod met. There are under its care seven male colleges, two female colleges, and four theological schools. The institutions at Lancaster, both literary and theological, are in a flourishing condition, and have largely determined the theological thought of the Church. There are also three publication houses employed in the interest of this Church. The General Synod, which meets triennially, is subdivided into eight district Synods, and these into fifty-four Classes. It has partly appellate and partly original jurisdiction over the whole Church. But its late sessions at Tiffin were occupied mainly with the subject of missions. This Church has for a number of years been conducting a mission in and about Sendai, Japan.

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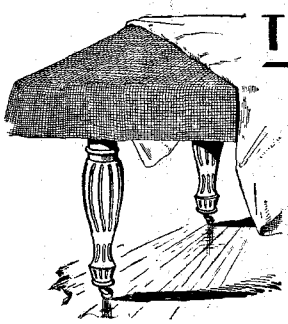

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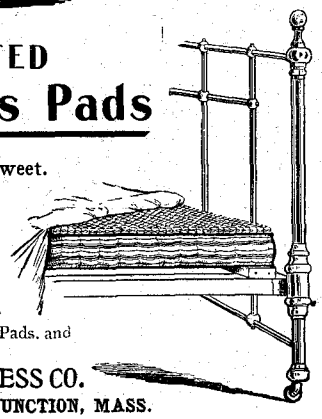

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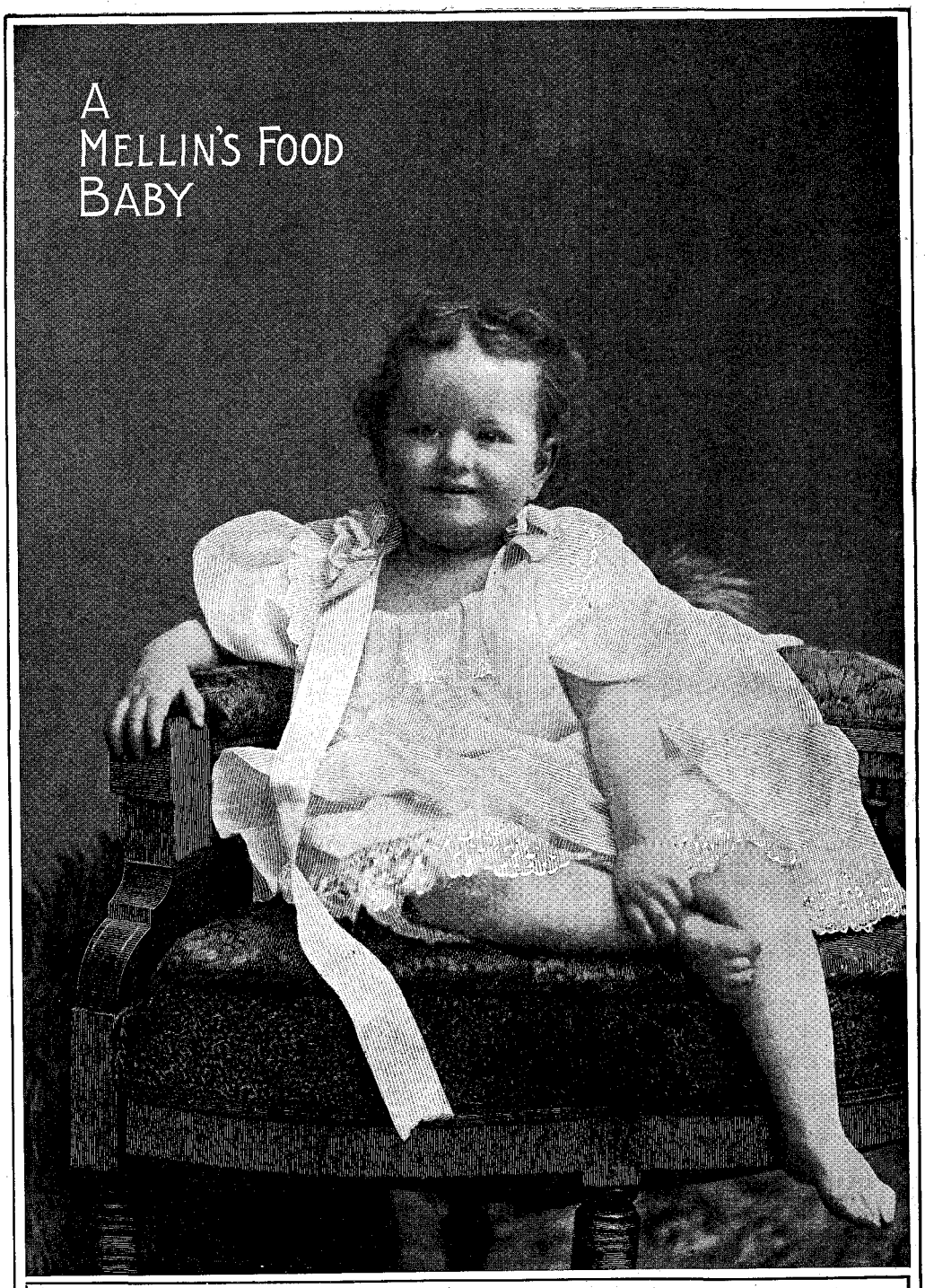

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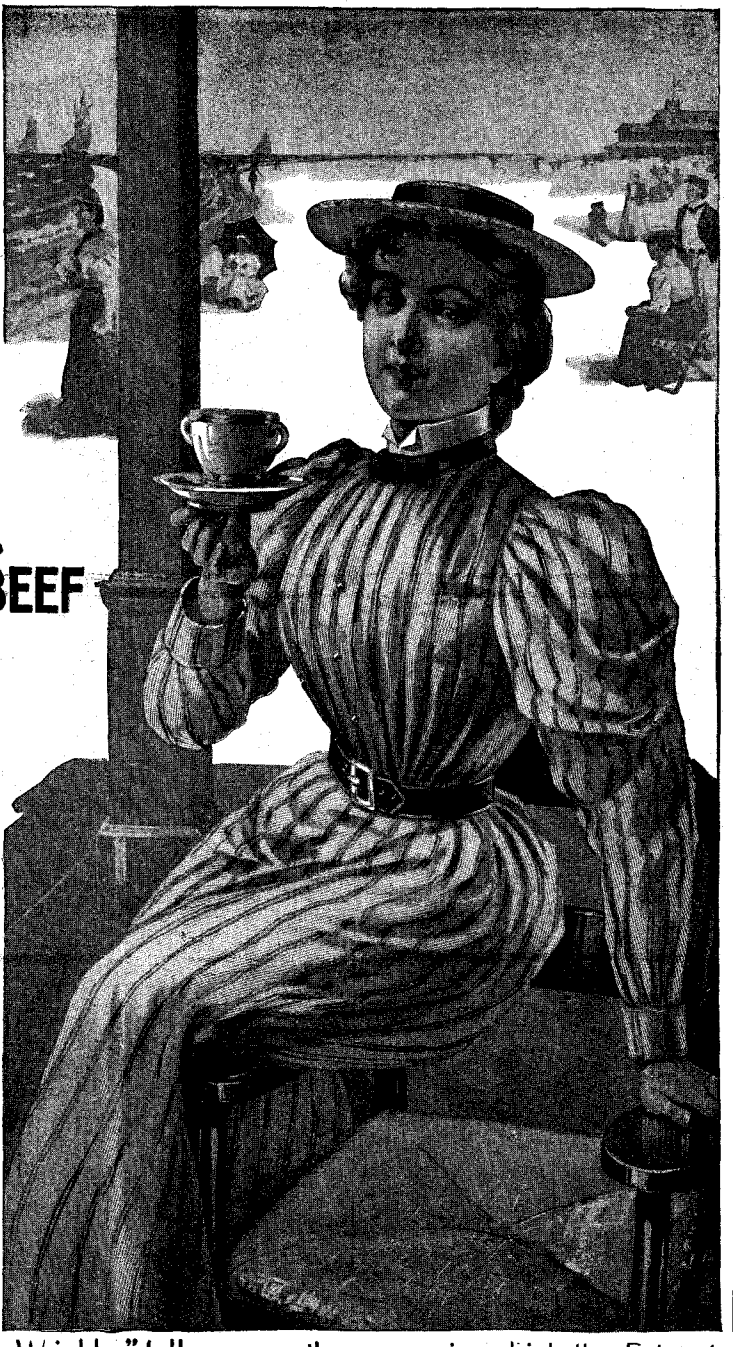

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